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MARCH 1957

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Exploring the Universe



by Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Jr.

IN THE GREAT LAKES region between the United States and Canada the popular name given May flies depends on which way the winds blow. Along the US shores they are called "Canadian soldiers" because they seem to come from the north. If the wind blows from the south so that the May flies are carried in swarms into Canada, they are called "Yankee soldiers."

RECENT STUDIES of the closely spaced gas cavities that are scattered through the ice in icebergs show that the air in the bubbles is under a pressure of from 2 to 6 atmospheres. When berg ice melts in a pail of water, the air in the bubbles is liberated with a fizzing sound. The gas cavities in the ice change the color of pure ice from blue to white.

THE RABBIT population in Great Britain has been reduced from 100 million to around 3 million by the continued spread of the rabbit disease, myxomatosis. It is estimated that because of the reduction in the number of rabbits, within the past two years the grazing season has been lengthened considerably and crop yields increased in some places by 50 percent, saving farmers about 42 million dollars a year.

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MARCH 1957

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The "Eisenhower Doctrine"

by Dr. G. Homer Durbam

VICE PRESIDENT, UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

IN THE JANUARY ERA it was suggested that the United States might be considering "some long-range program of practical idealism to (1) retain British and French friendship in the *Atlantic and western Europe*, but, (2) recognizing them as liabilities in Africa and Asia, . . . attempting to (3) encourage more national freedom for Egypt (without offending Israel) and the broad world of Islamic states stretching from Algiers to Indonesia."¹ Written in November 1956, the idea was expressed in official policy January 5, 1957. The occasion was the extraordinary special message delivered in person by President Eisenhower to a joint session of Congress. The message embodied a new phase of American foreign policy. It has been called the "Eisenhower Doctrine."

There have been other "doctrines" announced by American Presidents:

1. The so-called "Neutrality" proclamation issued by George Washington, April 22, 1793. The occasion was the aggressive action of revolutionary France. The US was bound to that nation by a treaty of alliance of 1778. It had been instrumental in winning American independence from Great Britain. The effect of Washington's proclamation was to sever the alliance with France and to state that in the war between France on the one side, and Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Holland, and Sardinia on the other, we "should with sincerity and good faith adopt and pursue a conduct friendly and impartial toward the belligerent powers. . . ." The neutrality policy broke down in 1798 when we fought an undeclared war against France. Again in 1812, we shifted sides in the same general conflict and fought the British.

2. On December 2, 1823, President James Monroe, in his seventh annual message to Congress, said that any attempt on the part of the post-Napoleonic European powers "to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere" would be considered by

the United States as "dangerous to our peace and safety." The British foreign minister, George Canning, had suggested a joint declaration on the subject to Richard Rush the preceding August 20, 1823. But the "Monroe Doctrine" was issued as a unilateral statement of the US President. Behind it was the sure knowledge that the British navy would sustain it so far as keeping continental European powers out of Latin America was concerned. By 1904 President Theodore Roosevelt was able to state that the British fleet would no longer be necessary, thank you, and that the United States, if necessary, would exercise "an international police power" in the interests of law and order in the region. But Roosevelt's statement only earned the name "The Roosevelt Corollary to the Monroe Doctrine," and did not become the "Roosevelt Doctrine."

3. On February 6, 1931, Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson addressed the Council on Foreign Relations in New York City. The statement launched what became known as the "Stimson Doctrine," or, sometimes, the "Hoover-Stimson Doctrine" (by including President Herbert Hoover, Mr. Stimson's chief). Woodrow Wilson had earlier tried to establish moral standards as a test for recognition by the US of new governments in foreign states. This proved unsuccessful, and Mr. Stimson announced the abandonment of this effort in his address February 6, 1931. He said the US would recognize any foreign government that (1) had control of the administrative machinery of the state; (2) enjoyed the general acquiescence of its people; and (3) had the ability and willingness to discharge its "international and conventional obligations." However, by January 1932 the Hoover-Stimson doctrine had reincorporated moral tones, inescapable in American foreign policy, and inherent in points (2) and (3). When Japan detached Manchuria from China in 1931, the US refused recognition. We extended our refusal to "any situation, treaty, or agreement which may be brought about"

(Continued on page 134)

¹"Overture for the Second Inaugural," *These Times*, January 1957.

THESE TIMES



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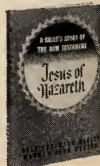
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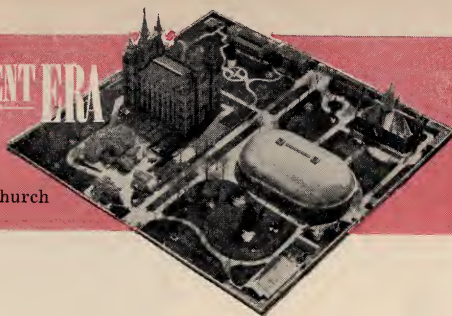
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MARCH 1957

The IMPROVEMENT ERA

The Voice of the Church



The Editor's Page

True Education President David O. McKay 141

Church Features

Your Question: The Divine Law of Witnesses	Joseph Fielding Smith	142
Clifford E. Young, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve	Preston Nibley	144
MIA Youth Conference, West German Mission	Adam S. Bennion	148
We Walk By Faith (A Reprint)	Orson F. Whitney	163
Strengthening the Tie that Binds	W. Glenn Harmon	166
Early Days of the Lord's Ministry, MIA Reading Course: Jesus the Christ—IX	Doyle L. Green	168
The Church Moves On	136	
Melchizedek Priesthood	192	
Presiding Bishopric's Page		194

Special Features

The Emerson Ward Mural	Mary Kimball Johnson	150
You Also Can Serve	Pansy McCarty	152
Afraid?	I. H. Kingsbury	154
Parents: A Look at Ourselves	Antone K. Romney	156
Deta Petersen Neeley, Woman of Courage	Marba C. Josephson	164
The Spoken Word from Temple Square	Richard L. Evans	172, 188, 204
Exploring the Universe, Franklin S. Harris, Jr.	129	
Today's Family		
A Recipe for Happy Homemaking	196	
Bring Me Your Tears, Florence J. Johnson	200	
My Trouble Box, Florence J. Johnson	201	
Make Approach to House Friendly, Louise Price Bell	205	
These Times, The Eisenhower Doctrine, G. Homer Durham	130	
Your Page and Ours	208	

Stories, Poetry

My Sister Anna	Bess Foster Smith	153
To Be a King, Part II	Hugh J. Cannon	158
The Richest Girl in Town	Mary E. Knowles	160
Frontispiece, Where Blows the Wind?	Poetry Page	140
Pansy H. Powell	139	
Ill Wind, Marian Schroder Crothers	207	

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THE COVER

Elder Clifford E. Young, whose likeness appears on our cover, has been an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve since the April general conference of 1941. He was born December 7, 1883, at Salt Lake City. (See page 144.)

This full color photo-study of Elder Young is the work of Hal Rumel Studios.

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These Times

(Continued from page 130)

by force ("contrary" said the text, "to the covenants and obligations of the Pact of Paris" of 1927). The Soviet government was recognized, notwithstanding, by President Franklin D. Roosevelt November 16, 1933. He reverted to the earlier phase of the Stimson doctrine somewhat. But the reincorporation of the moral tests attempted by Wilson persist, and today are "read in" to points (2) and (3) of the Hoover-Stimson doctrine, in addition to the Manchurian "corollary." Red China, in control of the "administrative machinery" since 1950, is still unrecognized by the United States.

4. On March 12, 1947, President Harry S. Truman went before Congress with the special message which became the "Truman Doctrine." Henry S. Commager has written, "The idea that the United States was to underwrite the defense of free states against totalitarian regimes was widely hailed as a sharp new turn in American foreign policy, a world-wide equivalent of the Monroe Doctrine." Said Mr. Truman:

"I believe it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures.

"I believe we must assist free peoples to work out their own destinies in their own way."

He then asked for \$400,000,000 for Greek-Turkish economic aid and for congressional authority to "detail American civilian and military personnel to Greece and Turkey, at the request of those countries."

The Truman Doctrine, in the world-wide sweep of its declaration, was too broad for world-wide implementation all at once. Implementation began with the Greek-Turkish aid program of 1947. The Marshall Plan for Western European Recovery followed (the Foreign Assistance Act of 1948). Then also came the Rio Pact of 1947 and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization of 1949. Then came Mutual Assistance and International Co-operation programs, mingled with the ANZAC (Australia, New Zealand, Canada) Pact and the SEATO (Southeast Asia Treaty Organization) Pact, so that the Soviet area was ringed with American-inspired military and mutual assistance (including economic aid) pacts. The Korean war was undertaken in pursuit of this general policy in 1950, in co-operation with the United Nations.

* * * * *

With this background, what is the "Eisenhower Doctrine?" In essence it is the continuation and extension of the

Truman Doctrine to the available major area in the world left untouched by the previous developments—the Middle East.

Why was not the Middle East included in a pact like the other negotiations: NATO, Rio, ANZAC, SEATO?

Turkey of course was; it was added to NATO. Also, US military assistance to Pakistan was negotiated in SEATO by Mr. Dulles in 1954. But between Turkey and Pakistan, despite technical assistance programs (such as Iran), there were no US guaranteed military security arrangements. Why?

The answer is that the US was bound to Britain and France by NATO; and Britain and France were bound, one or the other of them, in various ways to Algeria, Egypt, Israel, Iraq, Jordan, and other countries of the Middle East. It was impolitic on two counts for the US to negotiate military alliances or mutual defense arrangements in this great region: (1) the first count—impolitic to our western European allies who viewed North Africa and the Middle East as areas of their primary interest (just as we view the Western Hemisphere as a matter of primary concern); (2) we were not sure of the advantages and disadvantages to ourselves, in view of the anti-colonial feelings in this region towards the British and the French, feelings already directed against us. Hence, the need for a policy that would "retain British and French friendship in the Atlantic and western Europe" and yet extend the fundamental notions stated in the Truman Doctrine of "assisting free peoples" everywhere.

The British-French-Israeli attack on Egypt in late October 1956, followed by the UN cease-fire (backed by the United States and Russia), opened the way for an extension of American policy to the Middle East—the "Eisenhower Doctrine."

The "Eisenhower Doctrine" is open to many hazards, such as (1) irritating Britain and France, (2) irritating the Arab states (who are not enthusiastic about the doctrine) and Israel, (3) irritating India and other "neutralist" states, (4) reviving the cold war with Russia, and (5) posing new hazards for Mr. Eisenhower and the Republican Party at home. Each of the five "hazards" is worthy of brief comment.

1. *Irritating Britain and France.* Britain still has important oil-rich and strategic protectorates in the Middle East; for example, there are Aden and the Sheikdom of Kuwait. The Suez Canal Company, nationalized by Egypt in July 1956, was a French concern. Also, what occurs in Iraq, Jordan, and Egypt is inescapably felt in French Algeria and Morocco. The hazard for the US in this irritation is that we will be

(Concluded on page 174)

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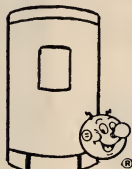
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THE CHURCH MOVES ON

A Day to Day Chronology of Church Events

January 1957

2 THE FIRST PRESIDENCY announced the appointment of Mrs. Helen W. Anderson as second counselor in the general presidency of the Relief Society of the Church, succeeding Mrs. Velma N. Simonsen; and the appointment of Miss Hulda Parker as secretary-treasurer of that organization, succeeding Mrs. Margaret C. Pickering. Both Mrs. Simonsen and Mrs. Pickering have devoted long years to the cause of Relief Society and the Church. Mrs. Anderson is a former member of the general board of the Relief Society; Miss Parker a former member of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association general board. Mrs. Belle S. Spafford is the general president of the Relief Society and Mrs. Marianne C. Sharp is the first counselor.

6 ELDER Alten Christensen sustained as president of the Sevier (Utah) Stake succeeding President Marden D. Pearson. President Christensen's counselors are Elders Orlando J. Condie and Dwain J. Pearson. President Pearson's counselors were Elders Arnold L. Peterson and Junius F. Powell, who were released with President Pearson.

9 MRS. MARY V. CAMERON and Mrs. Alton W. Hunt have been called to membership on the general board of the Relief Society, it was announced.

12 ELDERS Howard S. Bennion and George H. Fudge have been appointed to the Deseret Sunday School Union general board, it was announced.

13 ELDER Delmer E. Simpson sustained as second counselor in the presidency of the South Idaho Falls (Idaho) Stake presidency. This vacancy was created by the passing of the late Elder Reed Blatter of the stake presidency.

19 THE APPOINTMENT of Edith Rich to the general board of the Primary Association was announced.

20 PRESIDENT David O. McKay dedicated the chapel of the Fort Wayne (Indiana) Branch, Great Lakes Mission. In addition to serving the Fort Wayne Branch, this building serves as headquarters of the North Indiana District of the mission.

Elder Alma Sonne, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, dedicated the seminary building near the Pocatello (Idaho) high school.

Elder Joseph E. Mickelsen, formerly second counselor to President Stanley A. Rasmussen of the Mount Jordan (Utah) Stake, sustained as first counselor, succeeding Elder J. Ernest Jensen. Elder Marlon S. Bateman sustained as second counselor in that stake presidency.

This was designated as "100 percent Sunday" by the Sunday Schools of the Church.

22 SPOTLIGHT ON MIA: "Meet Me at Mutual" night. In many areas of the Church, where more than one ward use the same chapel, this MIA program was held on their regularly assigned Mutual night during this week, instead of Tuesday evening, which has been traditionally MIA night.

27 "THIS IS LIFE ETERNAL," an address by Elder Delbert L. Stapley of the Council of the Twelve, was presented on the Church of the Air program of the Columbia Broadcasting System's radio network.

The Fourteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake, was formally disorganized and its membership records transferred to adjacent wards: Sixth-Seventh Ward, Temple View Stake, and Seventeenth and North Seventeenth wards, Salt Lake Stake. One of the original nineteen wards in Great Salt Lake City, as it was known then, the Fourteenth Ward, with Main Street as its eastern boundary, was once the home ward of many of the pioneer leaders of the Church. Within the ward's boundaries, the Sunday School movement of the Church in the Rocky Mountains was first organized in 1849. The ward, near the Salt Lake Temple, has long been a favorite of elderly people who have come to Salt Lake City to do temple work. Because of the encroachment of business houses within the area, as well as other factors, it has been necessary for the Church to call "missionary bishops" to lead the ward for almost a half a century. Elder George Q. Morris of the Council of the Twelve was one of these "missionary bishops." The Fourteenth Ward chapel, one of the oldest Church buildings in the area, will continue to be used as headquarters of the Salt Lake Minority Group Mission.

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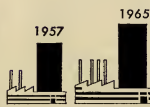


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Where Blows the Wind?

by Pansy H. Powell

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Leaves scurrying and not
A window rattles. O my friend,
I wanted peace, but I forgot
The joy of strife. Where blows the wind?



ELUSIVE

By Maude O. Cook

THIS BIT of Time, so like a shining dewdrop
That trembles on a slender, newborn
leaf,
Eludes our grasp and leaves nostalgic long-
ing
To find again a joy once bright and brief.

Hope whispers that it is not lost forever,
For Memory has hidden it away
To guard it as a miser would his treasure,
Recalling it to brighten some dark day.

CLOUDS

By Gordon L. Cluff

SILVER LACE and fleecy fingers,
Plume the clear blue sky
All the way to heaven's doorstep,
In the realms on high.
Underneath, the billows tumble,
Carved in wondrous lay;
Booming thrash of lightning lingers,
Holding death at bay.

Down below on Earth's vast prairie,
Wait the flowers there;
Wending soft the droplets whisper
On their cheeks so fair.
Quickly then, without a warning
Fades the sky of gray;
Golden rays from heaven's ruler
Chase the clouds away.

SEASONED YEARS

By Leah Sherman

CROWDED within the seasoned years of life
Were children's faces and small broken
toys;

Deep sorrows and full joys of being wife;
Green country stillness: cricket's sharp
noise.

Years filled to overflowing. Memory stirs
The half-forgotten warmth of courtship days.
Faster and faster, now, life's cycle whirs
In outward circle through unpatterned haze.
Probe quietly to waken sleeping dreams
And rediscover love's still smoldering flame;
Challenge life's autumn with full-running
streams

As interests widen through a broader claim.
The speeded years are rich in seasoning
For those who walk with quickened pulse
of spring.

STRENGTH

By Vesta Nickerson Lukei

LET ME
Be an anvil
Of faith that can sustain
The hammer blows of life and still
Endure.

CONTENTMENT

By Frances S. Lovell

I DO NOT ask for much but this:
When Spring steps softly down a hill
washed delicately green and gold,
that I may have some earth to till,
some seeds to lay in soft, dark soil
and gentle May rain on my face;
a tulip, pink as morning sky,
to hold in my two hands; the grace
of white narcissus in a drift
of late-spring snow where I would stroll
and make my peace with earth and time
and find contentment for my soul.



—Harold M. Lambert

NIGHT RAIN

By Marian Schroder Crothers

WHERE RACE the untamed steeds of rain,
With wild manes tossing against the sky,
Hard on the heels of the fleeing wind?
Loud in the night their hoofbeats drum,
While tall trees tremble and writhe with
fright,
Under the blows of their slashing feet.
What drove them into headlong flight?
From what far pastures did they come?
What hidden haven do they seek
A secret rendezvous to keep?

BEAUTY IS A FRAGILE THING

By Gladys Hesser Burnham

BEAUTY is a fragile thing and rare:
Fleeting as a hummingbird in flight,
Delicate as fine old lace—as fair
As lilies by moonlight.

Music of the harp or violin,
Gentle breezes rustling dry reeds,
Bird calls chirping through the rosy dawn,
Sights and sounds are beauty for our needs.

CLOUD BISCUITS

By Marjorie L. Hafen

MIXED by winter, floured with snow,
Kneaded by March winds that blow;
Left to rise in April's calm,
Rising higher through June's balm;
Baked in August's torrid term
Till they're tender, lightly firm,
Fluffy biscuits slowly rise:
Puffs of clouds to grace fall skies.

SONNET

By Solveig Paulson Russell

IF I HAD known in those young days of mine
What wealth these days had stored for
me with you.

I would have reveled in their golden shine
And leaped to meet each glowing day anew.
If I had known the waiting treasure, dear,
Had heard your luring promise here for me,
I would have laughed at toil and scorned to
fear,
And moved as eagles do, triumphant, free.
If I had known the quiet deep content
In fusing all my yearning in your love,
I would have pushed aside each gray lament
And sung with voice as soft as turtle dove.

Oh, dearest one, through you my life gains
worth,
And all the best in me is brought to birth!

FLIGHT

By Caroline Eyring Miner

EARTHBOUND no longer, up we reach, the
sky
Sea blue above, and bluer still below,
And in between we lace through clouds
blown high
Like elfin folk, like kites, or like the flow
Of mermaid's hair. No sound of bird is
here.
No fluttering leaf. Here we go back to
things
Of first import, to faith and hope. No fear
Weakens the powers. We too have soaring
wings,
For winging thought has wrought this mir-
acle,
Has harnessed cloud and wind and arrowed
light,
And bent them to one great and holy prin-
ciple.
We soar on wings of thought into the mists
of night.
In clearer, fresher air, we lift above the clod
And join our thoughts and purposes with
God.

TWO WOMEN

By Ethel Jacobson

MARTHA CARDS her wool
And spins her flax.
Elizabeth molds words
Like candle-wax.

Martha bakes a loaf
And sews a seam.
Elizabeth plaitis starlight,
Weaves a dream.

While Martha bends her head
And breathes a prayer,
Elizabeth wings song
On every air—
And the prayer, the hymn of joy
Is there.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



True Education

The Editor's Page

by President David O. McKay

WE OF THE Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints take our stand on education from what has been given to us in the scriptures. In the Doctrine and Covenants it was revealed:

"Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection.

"And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come." (D & C 130:18-19.)

"It is impossible for a man to be saved in ignorance." (*Ibid.*, 131:6.)

Southey tells us that on his walk one stormy day, he met an old woman to whom, by way of greeting, he made the rather obvious remark that it was dreadful weather. She answered philosophically that, in her opinion, "Any weather is better than none!" Likewise, any education is undoubtedly better than none, but a free people to remain free must ever strive for the highest and best.

The contribution of general education to the industrial and commercial greatness of the country is obvious on every hand—in research laboratories, in increased productivity of farms, in achievements of electrical, physical, chemical, engineering sciences, in harnessing either for the benefit or destruction of man the boundless force of atomic energy—but what true education has done and may do to awaken in the human heart a sense of the end and aim of human existence of this earth, what it has done to raise the standard of citizenship, how it has helped to make living happier by contributing to the prosperity, peace, and security of our country, are beyond evaluation.

Courses required of all students in our public schools should include the important areas of study that directly or indirectly provide the student with opportunities for spiritual growth and religious inspiration. From such study it is reasonable to expect that our students will better understand how vital has been the role of religion at critical moments in history; how important spiritual insights in religious faith can be in the lives of men and

women; how closely related are human greatness and such qualities as honesty, integrity, humility, generosity, compassion. We may expect in our students more idealism and less cynicism, more wholesome courage and faith in the future, and less pessimism and foreboding fear. We may hope for increased tolerance of racial and religious differences, increased respect for those of opposite political views or of lower social and economic levels, increased awareness of basic and inviolable dignity of the individual man or woman. We may contribute to the development of a more sensitive social conscience, a greater sense of responsibility, for the less fortunate in our society. We may even, perhaps, without knowing it, bring a boy or girl closer to God.

I am but repeating what we all know and feel when I say that our country's greatest asset is its manhood and its womanhood. Upon that depends not only the survival of the individual freedom vouchsafed by the Constitution and Bill of Rights, and all other ideals for which the founders of the republic fought and died, but also the survival of the best that we cherish in present-day civilization throughout the world. The preservation of these must come through education.

The Church stands for education. The very purpose of its organization is to promulgate truth among men. Members of the Church are admonished to acquire learning by study, and also by faith and prayer, and to seek after everything that is virtuous, lovely, of good report, or praiseworthy. In this seeking after they are not confined to narrow limits of dogma or creed, but are free to launch into the realm of the infinite.

But gaining knowledge is one thing, and applying it, quite another. Wisdom is the right application of knowledge; and true education—the education for which the Church stands—is the application of knowledge to the development of a noble and Godlike character.

A man may possess a profound knowledge of history and of mathematics; he may be an authority in psychology, biology, or astronomy; he may know all the discovered truths pertaining to geology and natural science; but if he has not with this knowledge that nobility

(Concluded on following page)

The Editor's Page

(Concluded from preceding page)

of soul which prompts him to deal justly with his fellow men, to practise virtue and holiness in personal life, he is not a truly educated man.

In my opinion the highest, noblest purpose in all our education, from the grades to the university, is to teach citizenship and noble character. I believe that thousands

of students have been made to sense, by absorption and inference, that a man's character is greater than intellectual attainments or social privileges, that every decision is a revelation of character, that habit is a pillar in the edifice of character. The aims of education must at all times be more spiritual than economic.

Your Question

by Joseph Fielding Smith

PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE



THE DIVINE LAW OF WITNESSES

Question: "In our stake missionary work we have met the following question: 'If the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated were returned and brought to light to be examined, would it not be easier to convert the balance of the world to Mormonism?'"

Answer: Questions of this nature frequently are asked. Many tourists who visit the temple grounds ask why the plates of the Book of Mormon were returned to the angel, and they say, "If they were placed in some museum or archive for the deposit of rare manuscripts and could be examined by scholars, the testimony from such a source would convert the whole world." When they are informed that a large portion of the plates was sealed and the Lord would not permit them to be translated at this time because the world is not prepared to receive what is written, the questioner turns away with knowing wink or incredulous smile, feeling that he has struck a vital blow against the truth of the story of the Book of Mormon. The simple fact is, however, that the ways and thoughts of the Lord are not the ways and thoughts of men.¹

It is made very clear in the Book of Mormon that it comes to the world with sufficient witnesses. The records on the plates are sacred; a large part of them have not been revealed because even the members of the Church are not prepared to receive what is written. Then again, the plan of the Lord is to reveal his word by the mouth of chosen witnesses. He had Nephi write regarding the publishing of the Book of Mormon that he, the Lord, would raise up three special witnesses, who would behold the plates by the power of God.

"Wherefore, at that day when the book shall be delivered unto the man of whom I have spoken, the book

shall be hid from the eyes of the world, that the eyes of none shall behold it save it be that three witnesses shall behold it, by the power of God, besides him to whom the book shall be delivered; and they shall testify to the truth of the book and the things therein.

"And there is none other which shall view it, save it be a few according to the will of God, to bear testimony of his word unto the children of men; for the Lord God hath said that the words of the faithful should speak as if it were from the dead.

"Wherefore, the Lord God will proceed to bring forth the words of the book; and in the mouth of as many witnesses as seemeth him good will he establish his word; and we be unto him that rejecteth the word of God."²

Joseph Smith was forbidden to break the seals of the portion of the plates which contain the prophecies of the brother of Jared³ because the hearts of the people were not susceptible to the divine truth which the record contained. Therefore this portion of the record was to remain sealed—

"For the Lord said unto me: They shall not go forth unto the Gentiles until the day that they shall repent of their iniquity, and become clean before the Lord.

"And in that day that they shall exercise faith in me, saith the Lord, even as the brother of Jared did, that they may become sanctified in me, then will I manifest unto them the things which the brother of Jared saw, even to the unfolding unto them all my revelations saith Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Father of the heavens and of the earth, and all things that in them are."⁴

The Lord could not place in the hands of ungodly men a sacred record which contains information far in advance of the thinking of a critical and unbelieving world. Moreover, we are informed that the Book of Mormon as

² Nephi 27:12-14.

³ Ether 5.

⁴ Ibid., 4:6-7.

it has come to us, contains the "lesser part of the things which he [Jesus] taught the people," and Mormon wrote: ". . . I have written them to the intent that they may be brought again unto this people, from the Gentiles, according to the words which Jesus hath spoken.

"And when they shall have received this, which is expedient that they should have first, to try their faith, and if it shall so be that they shall believe these things then shall the greater things be made manifest unto them.

"And if it so be that they will not believe these things, then shall the greater things be withheld from them, unto their condemnation.

"Behold, I was about to write them, all which were engraven upon the plates of Nephi, but the Lord forbade it, saying: I will try the faith of my people.

"Therefore, I, Mormon, do write the things which have been commanded me of the Lord. And now I, Mormon, make an end of my sayings, and proceed to write the things which have been commanded me."⁵

The law given to Israel in the beginning was that in the mouth of two or three witnesses all things should be established. The Jews called Jesus in question, basing their accusation against him on this law:

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

"The Pharisees therefore said unto him, Thou bearest record of thyself; thy record is not true.

"Jesus answered and said unto them, Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true: for I know whence I came, and whither I go; but ye cannot tell whence I come, and whither I go.

"Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man.

"And yet if I judge, my judgment is true: for I am not alone, but I and the Father that sent me.

"It is also written in your law, that the testimony of two men is true.

"I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father that sent me beareth witness of me.

"Then said they unto him, Where is thy Father? Jesus answered, Ye neither know me, nor my Father: if ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also."⁶

Here the Savior calls attention to the divine law of witnesses. On innumerable occasions had he demonstrated that he is the Son of God and the Redeemer of the world. On many occasions his Father also bore witness that he is the Only Begotten Son of God: once at the baptism of Jesus, again to the three apostles on the Mount of Transfiguration, and once again in the presence of a group when the Lord prayed to his Father.⁷ Then also the Father testified for him at the time of his birth by a glorious opening of the heavens when angels sang and a new star appeared.

The Lord speaks through his appointed witnesses upon whom he has bestowed divine power, not by granting documents to be tested by unbelieving men. No doubt,

to many of those who do not understand the way of the Lord, it seems to be a very plausible and understandable argument to say: "How easy it would be for you to prove to the world the truth of the Book of Mormon by submitting the plates for expert examination! If they should find these plates to be genuine, their testimony would help you to convince the world."

This, however, is the argument of fools. What would the result be if the plates had been placed in the hands of linguistic experts? They would have quarreled and contended among themselves. Then, how could the Lord place in their hands records which are withheld from the world because of the hardness of their hearts and their unbelief? The things of the kingdom of God which are so marvelous, as are these records which are sealed, would not be understood and hence would not be believed. If only pure minds could understand them, how could the impure eyes of the scholarly critics understand them? By such critics they would be condemned because they were written in a language that was "sealed" and which no man can read until the Lord gives to him in his own due time the power to break the seal. If they were to be passed on by the scholars, they could not value them, and even members of the Church would reject them. Too many members of the Church today, to say nothing of those who are not members, fail to heed these "lesser things" which have been given to try our faith.⁸

Why do not these critics who demand that the plates of the Book of Mormon be brought forth for critical examination raise their voices in condemnation of our Lord because after his resurrection he appeared only to his disciples and not to the world? The logic of their contention should be that Jesus after his resurrection should have appeared, first, to Pilate, and he should have said: "Here I am; examine the wounds in my hands and feet and side. Did I not tell you that I was the Son of God and that I would rise again?" Why did he not go to the assembled Sanhedrin and there appear before the high priest and that august body and say to them: "You scourged me, spat upon me, and delivered me to be crucified because I told you I would live again. Now see that what I said is come true!" This he did not do! But he appeared to his disciples—a few humble fishermen and a few women who believed on him.

This smirking remark implying that Joseph Smith did not have the plates because he did not display them to the world and permit conceited scholars to examine them, does not come from the mouths of wise, intelligent men. Yes! How easy it would be for the Lord to send forth his host of angels crying in heaven to all mankind, calling on them to accept his gospel. How much suffering it would relieve! How many days and years of toil it would save his mortal advocates and messengers.

If he would preach his gospel in this way whom would it save? Men are to walk by faith in humility, seeking from the Lord the knowledge of the gospel which saves. The Lord declares his word through his chosen witnesses, and woe to those who fight his truth and put his work to open shame.

⁵3 Nephi 26:8-12.

⁶John 8:12-19.

⁷Matt. 17:1-13; Mark 9:2-13; Luke 9:28-36.

⁸3 Nephi 26:7-12.

Joseph Fielding Smith



Elder Clifford E. Young

"I appreciate my membership in this Church. I am thankful for my parents who implanted in their children faith and confidence in this great work, and I humbly pray that I may not fail in this responsibility, that I may be able to measure up to every requirement and to every expectation that you and the brethren who preside have a right to expect."

—Clifford E. Young, April 6, 1941
General Conference

CLIFFORD EARL YOUNG was the ninth child in a family of twelve, born to Dr. Seymour Bicknell and Ann Elizabeth Riter Young. The date of his birth was December 7, 1883. The home where he was born and reared, at 48 South Fourth East, Salt Lake City, still stands, although the neighborhood has vastly changed in the years that have passed. The home of Dr. Seymour Young was one of education and refinement, but the children were also taught the value of work. Among Clifford's earliest recollections are those of chore boy at the family home: working in the garden, milking the cows, feeding and currying the horses, washing the buggies, and occasionally driving his father to visit patients in various parts of the city.

Clifford recalls with great interest that one of his father's distinguished patients was President Wilford Woodruff, who then resided at the old family home on Fifth East. He often drove his father to the Woodruff home and thus formed a rather intimate acquaintance with the fourth president of the Church, whom he describes as "gentle, kind, considerate, and an emblem of purity."



Clifford at about the age of five.



Dr. Seymour B. Young,
father of Clifford E. Young.



Ann Elizabeth Riter Young,
mother of Clifford.



Clifford at the age of four.



Clifford as he appeared
in 1905.

CLIFFORD E. YOUNG

ASSISTANT TO THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

by Preston Nibley

CHURCH HISTORIAN'S OFFICE

Through his father's prominence as one of the General Authorities, Clifford had opportunities to meet other leaders of the Church, such as Presidents Lorenzo Snow, Joseph F. Smith, and George Q. Cannon. Early in life he became acquainted with President Heber J. Grant, who was then a member of the Council of the Twelve, and who later became his father-in-law.

Clifford came from a family that had long sought truth and his ancestors had early cast their lot with the struggling restored Church. Like Nephi, Elder Young could say, "having been born of goodly parents, therefore I was taught somewhat in all the learning of my father; . . ." (1 Nephi 1:1.)

His grandfather, Joseph Young, was an elder brother of President

Brigham Young. Both Joseph and Brigham joined the Church in 1832, in New York State, and soon became officials in the organization. When the First Quorum of Seventy was organized in Kirtland in March 1835, Joseph Young was chosen by the Prophet Joseph Smith as one of the seven presidents. He held this position during the remainder of his life. At his death in Salt Lake City on July 16, 1881, at the age of eighty-four, the *Deseret News* said of him editorially:

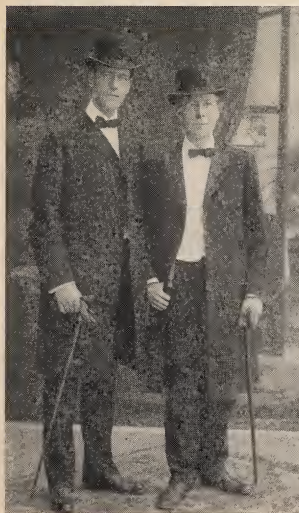
"Joseph Young has been closely identified with the leaders of the Church for nearly fifty years, and although a quiet and unassuming man, he was well known from one end of the Territory to the other. He was beloved by all who knew him, for his virtue, integrity, humility, and

kindness, his fearlessness in the cause of truth and his love of God and all good people. After a long life of usefulness he has passed away, to receive the reward of his well doing, leaving a name and example that will endure forever." (*Deseret News*, July 16, 1881.)

Seymour Bicknell Young, the second son of Joseph Young, was born in Kirtland, Ohio, October 3, 1837. His childhood was spent with his parents in Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois, as they followed the Latter-day Saints in their wanderings. At Haun's Mill, Missouri, his mother carried him through a rain of bullets to hide him from a savage mob. He remembered being lifted up in the arms of his mother at Nauvoo, in June 1844, to obtain a view of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum as they left their homes for the last time and journeyed to Carthage, and to their martyrdom. At the age of thirteen he drove an ox team across the plains to Utah. When he was nineteen, he was called on a mission to England. The journey across the plains eastward was made "by the handcart method." After his return to Salt Lake City he was married to Ann Elizabeth Riter, on April 14, 1867.

Looking towards a profession in life, Seymour B. Young took up the

(Continued on following page)



Elder Young, right, as a missionary to Germany in 1907. His companion is Charles T. S. Parsons.



The Young family, December 28, 1937. Back row, Brother and Sister Young and Clifford E., Jr. Front row, left to right, Miriam (Farnsworth), Edith (Harris), and Helen (Page).

Clifford E. Young

(Continued from preceding page)

study of medicine in the offices of two prominent Salt Lake physicians, Anderson and Benedict. In 1871 he traveled eastward to New York City and matriculated at the University of New York, receiving his degree in March 1874.

While practicing medicine in Salt Lake City, October 1882, he was called to the First Council of the Seventy. In 1893 he became the senior president of that quorum and served in this capacity until his death on December 15, 1924.

At his funeral, held in the Assembly Hall on December 19, President Anthony W. Ivins paid him the following tribute:

"I knew him as a man of gentleness, of love, of kindness, of humility, and of service. Wherever he was or whatever the circumstances might be, these were his outstanding characteristics. And with this there went that other qualification so essential to real manhood—when occasion required he was a soldier with the courage of a soldier. And so he always appealed to me to be a man, if service to others justifies such expectation, to whom the words of the Savior might aptly apply. His first devotion, his first service and love were to God, whom he recognized as his Father; and after that Seymour B. Young loved his neighbor, loved and served his fellow. That there is laid up for him a

Clifford at the age of 12 (Christmas 1895) sleigh riding behind a pet calf.



crown of everlasting life, a crown of glory; that he has, through his works while in mortality, earned glory and exaltation and everlasting life in the presence of his Father and God, and the Redeemer of the world, I have no doubt at all; and this after all is the only achievement of man which counts for very much. He has lived beyond the allotted age of man; his life of service has been extended as the lives of few men are."

At the same service Dr. George W. Middleton paid tribute to Ann Elizabeth Riter Young, the wife of the deceased:

"By the side of my friend stood a noble woman, through the heat and burden of the day. She was a reflex of all his Christian virtues and had added the savouring grace of rationality. When he was a struggling medical student, she stood valiantly by the hearthstone, to defend their tender offspring and to help furnish him the sinews of war. With a sagacity that

was unusual for the sex, she helped to plan the family budget and to formulate the method of the family activities. But a few weeks ago Dr. Young told me this story and gave full credit to one to whom credit was due. . . . A large and highly respected family of sons and daughters have inherited the sterling qualities of these noteworthy parents and are reflecting in their successful lives the precept and example which emanated from that family altar."

Clifford's interest in gaining an education was stimulated by his parents and by his older brother, Levi Edgar, now senior president of the First Council of the Seventy. The first school that Clifford attended was in the old Twelfth Ward; later he completed the grades at the Oquirrh School, which still stands on Fourth East. In 1899 he registered at the University of Utah, then located where West High School now stands. The following year the university was



Brother and Sister Young with part of their family at their American Fork Canyon home, August 1947.



Assistants to the Council of the Twelve: Back row, left to right, Sterling W. Sill, Hugh B. Brown, John Longden; front row, left to right, El Ray L. Christiansen, Alma Sonne, Clifford E. Young, Thomas E. McKay.

moved to the east bench, and there Clifford continued his studies, taking general cultural courses until early in 1905, when he accepted a call for a mission to Great Britain. He was well qualified to preach the restored gospel, as he had always been active in the priesthood, in Sunday School, and in YMMIA. In his father's household he had been taught from his youth the principles of truth and salvation. On July 6, 1905, he was



Ann Elizabeth
Young as a
young.

ordained to the office of seventy by his father, and three days later was on his way. In Boston he got a taste of the critical attitude some people had for the Church when he and his companions were refused admission to one hotel because they were Mormons. Among his traveling companions, although they were both bound for the Netherlands Mission, were the late President John H. Taylor of the First Council of the Seventy, and Dr. Clawson Y. Cannon, for over twenty-five years head of the animal husbandry department of Iowa State College and now of the faculty of Brigham Young University.

The voyage across the ocean was pleasant, and the ship *Arabic*, carrying the missionaries, docked in Liverpool harbor on July 28. With characteristic friendliness, Heber J. Grant, then president of the European Mission, was at the wharf to greet them.

After stopping at 10 Holly Road, the European Mission headquarters, for a few days, Elder Young received an appointment to the Liverpool District. He began his labors in the town of Blackburn, where there was a small branch of the Church. Ernest Wright of Salt Lake City was his first companion. After a few months he was transferred to Harwood, and then, in February 1906, he was transferred to the Swiss-German Mission

by President Grant, and assigned to Nuremberg, in the Stuttgart District, by Serge F. Ballif, mission president.

There was a large branch of the Church at Nuremberg, and Elder Young thoroughly enjoyed his labors. He soon acquired the language and felt at home among the people. It was in Nuremberg that he became acquainted with Alexander Schreiner, the present famed Tabernacle organist, who was then a small boy learning to play the organ.

After laboring in Nuremberg one year, Elder Young was appointed president of the Hamburg District in Northern Germany. During the summer of 1907, President Charles W. Penrose of the European Mission visited the Hamburg District and Elder Young translated for him as he spoke to the congregations. Elder Young's work was so satisfactory that President Penrose requested him to accompany him through the mission and to continue to translate for him.

In February 1908, Elder Young received an honorable release from his missionary labors and returned to his home.

During the summer of 1908 Clifford obtained employment with the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company, at their home office in Salt Lake City. In the spring of 1911 he became manager of the branch of the company in American Fork.

On Tuesday, June 20, 1911, in the Salt Lake Temple, Clifford E. Young

was married to Edith Grant, the talented and accomplished daughter of President Heber J. Grant. The couple established a home in American Fork. Edith was refined and educated, kind and considerate, and an ideal companion for her husband.

In the fall of 1913 the People's State Bank of American Fork was established and Clifford E. Young became cashier. He has been connected with that institution as an employee and an officer since that time. For a number of years he has been president of the bank.

During his years of residence in American Fork, Clifford has been active in the Church and the community. He served in the Utah legislature as senator for Utah County 1929-1934, and as city councilman in American Fork for six years. He served consecutively as scoutmaster for American Fork Second Ward (during which time he organized the second Scout troop in Utah), stake superintendent of Sunday Schools, member of YMMIA stake board, superintendent of the stake YMMIA, and finally as president of Alpine Stake, over which he presided from June 1928 to January 1942. He thus had a long period of preparation for the honor that came to him in April 1941, when he was selected as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

The life of Clifford E. Young has

(Continued on page 185)

Elder Young with some of his grandchildren



MIA YOUTH CONFERENCE

West German Mission



by Adam S. Bennion

OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Night scene of the Weisbaden Kurhaus, scene of the first youth conference for young Saints in Germany.

ONE OF THE outstanding events in the history of the European Missions for 1956 was the West German Mission's Youth Conference held at Wiesbaden.

Several major achievements made the event altogether notable: (1) the painstaking and thorough preparation made by President and Sister Dyer and the mission office staff—each member of which deserves special commendation, (2) the remarkable attendance of young people from all over Western Germany, (3) their friendliness and co-operative attitude, (4) the thrill of a new and stimulating social experience, (5) the excellent music by young people of outstanding ability responding to the inspired leadership of Elder Newel Kay Brown, (6) the rich spiritual tone that pervaded the whole program.

Now, in more detail, the following article reflects the remarkable achievements of this gathering.

— Adam S. Bennion



Left to Right: President Kenneth B. Dyer of the West German Mission, Dr. Adam S. Bennion of the Council of the Twelve discussing youth conference.

YOUNG BROTHERS AND SISTERS of the West German Mission began early in January to save their money for the annual Mutual Improvement Association conference which was to be held in Wiesbaden, Germany, July 28 to August 2, 1956. Wiesbaden, which is a beautiful old German city, has been world-famous since the time of the Roman Empire as a health resort center and is a lovely setting for such a conference.

With the arrival of the eagerly anticipated day, enthusiastic young people began coming to Wiesbaden from all points in the mission. The walls of the Bleucher School in Wiesbaden started ringing once again with the sound of young voices, although the school was actually closed for summer vacation. Those young voices were both German and American. This made no difference—everyone understood the language of fellowship, understanding, and religious equality which prevailed among that group. Sleeping and eating accommodations were efficiently handled, and nine months of plans and preparations began to materialize.

By Friday evening sixty German youths had already arrived, and they, together with 150 missionaries, enjoyed the first event of the conference, a "musical evening." This consisted of talent numbers rendered by the young people themselves. Then ice cream and cookies climaxed the delightful program.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



The "Polonaise," first dance of the Gold and Green Ball at the Wiesbaden Kurhaus.



Sister Hildegard Babie, missionary, translates for Dr. Adam S. Bennion, of the Council of the Twelve.

Saturday was a busy day. Final arrangements were made to accommodate the four hundred young people who had arrived by this time, and youth chorus rehearsals and a mission-wide speech contest were held.

The setting for the first main event of the conference—a Gold and Green Ball—was an imposing edifice known as the *Kurhaus*, which is located in the center of Wiesbaden's formal gardens. In this building of crystal chandeliers and glistening marble hallways, Wiesbaden's finest concerts and lectures are presented throughout the year. It was in this same building that the Tabernacle Choir gave its concert when it toured Europe in 1955. The management of the *Kurhaus* had been so impressed with the choir and its music that they rented the building to the mission for its MIA conference for one-third the normal cost.

By 7:30 Saturday evening, the elegant hall was filled with happy, formally-dressed young people. To many of the young German sisters who had been saving every extra penny to pay for their transportation to Wiesbaden, this semi-formal dance could have presented serious problems had it not been for the goodness of people thousands of miles away. Gleaner girls of the Salt Lake and Ogden areas of Utah, and Idaho, and Wyoming offered to donate lovely formals to the young girls in the West German Mission so it would be possible for them to attend this Gold and Green Ball—the social highlight of the year for the Church in Germany. Several weeks before the dance, each German girl who didn't have a formal dress or who couldn't



Newel Kay Brown, supervising elder of the Stuttgart District, West German Mission, director of the 200 voice youth chorus.

afford to buy one was given a lovely formal in excellent condition to be worn at the dance and then to be kept afterwards in her own possession.

If the donors of these lovely gowns could have been present that July evening in Wiesbaden and seen the tears of happiness which shone in the eyes of their German sisters who were

attending this beautiful ball—for many their first formal dance—they would have been repaid a thousand times for having given the dresses. Appreciation is expressed by the girls themselves: "Our words will never be enough to thank you for your generosity in asking for, gathering, cleaning, and sending these gowns to us. We want you to know that it was truly a wonderful occasion for which we will always remember with great fondness in our hearts, you, our dear American brothers and sisters."

It was a wonderful sight to see the large *Kurhaus* hall filled with 1,000 members and friends of the Church on Sunday, July 29. [Editor's Note: Elder Adam S. Bennion's address, the theme of which was, "I have placed before thee an open door, which no one can close," pleased the audience of Germans and Americans. Those in attendance reported that it was stirring to hear Elder Bennion suddenly throw in a sentence in perfect Ger-

(Concluded on page 174)

Curtain call for opera cast of "The Merciful Sultan."



The Emerson Ward Mural

by Mary Kimball Johnson

THE EMERSON WARD mural was not commissioned nor was it a speculative business venture. There was, however, a commitment—one so gradual in its coming that it could be said to have been made long before it was voiced.

The old Emerson Ward meeting-house, my meetinghouse, burned. Along with other children I picked up bits of the green-colored glass window and put them away in a candy box because they were pretty. Then the new chapel was built with nothing behind the pulpit and choir seats but a blank space of wall with an arched area above it.

At Sunday dinner, following our first services in the new chapel, Father commented to mother that it would look less plain when a mural was painted over the front panel of space. I was old enough to know what that meant, for paintings, small or large, had always interested me. Even at the age of eight, drawing paper dolls for my admiring little friends before and after school, I knew I would someday be an artist just as I knew when I taught them to draw their dolls, at ten cents a lesson, that I would also teach art.

As Sunday followed Sunday—for years—I found occasional entertainment imagining what type of painting would occupy that space. Then one morning, Father came home from priesthood meeting and commented that Bishop Fairbanks had talked to the men about raising money to have an artist paint a mural in the front of our chapel.

Momentarily stunned, I gasped, "He can't do that! That's my space!"

It was then that I realized how deeply I wanted to be the artist who did that mural. Father smiled and asked, "Have you told anyone?"

I said, "No."

"Well," he replied, "you'd better speak to the bishop and make your offer before he gets someone in mind."

"No, you tell him, Father, please—because of its being priesthood business, finances and all, and I'll talk to him later."

I did not feel this request presumptuous. I had my B. A. in art, my M. A. in mural and portrait painting, and had received recognition, publicity, prizes, and purchasers for my paintings. So I talked with Bishop Lynn R. Fairbanks, and it was understood that I would paint a mural for Emerson Ward and present it as a gift.

It seemed quite natural to me to assume the financial burden since I had offered to undertake the assignment. Free services to the Church—in no matter what capacity—were taken for granted. I had no idea then how much time the painting would require.

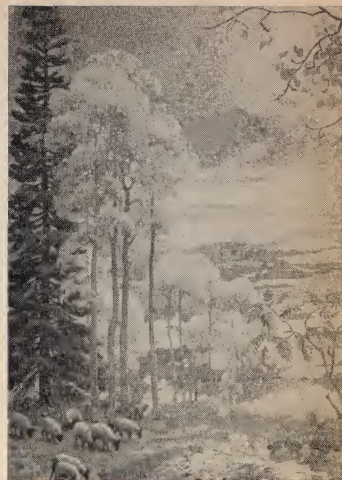
Even after having dreamed of it for years, choosing my subject was a problem. Enlisting the help of my husband, father, and mother, choosing became a family group project.

We visited and inquired to learn what subjects had been used in other ward houses. I checked art books containing works of the great masters, and bought books on American Indian culture and art. There was such a wealth of material to choose from—so many New Testament and Book of Mormon stories, so much in the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith and in the heroism of the pioneers!

Research on costumes, places, and customs was inevitable and challenging. It was not just a problem of what would make a good picture, but what would harmonize with the chapel and congregation.

The chapel is simple and adequate but not luxurious. The people are friendly, unassuming, and sensitive to spiritual values. Percentagewise, our ward has many children, and I so wanted them, especially, to love the mural.

After all of our study and analysis, the subject came to us in an entirely



different way. I had taken Mother with me, for company, to Alta on one of my Saturday sketching trips, and on our return home we watched the valley panorama opening out to us as we rounded each curve of the road. It was autumn. The aspen leaves with the sun shining through them were of a color that would have embarrassed purest gold. They framed a valley and distant mountains that were lightly veiled with a golden afternoon haze. We commented on the scene with its little farms and groves, and what joy it would have given the pioneers could they have emerged from the canyon at that moment.

Then a quotation came to Mother: "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." I knew that here was a subject I could paint with my whole heart. I knew it with my emotions. I loved it. My mural would be of our country, our times, and our people.

The ward people could identify themselves with it and the people in it. So the rest of that autumn sketches were made of aspen, fir trees, and the valley, looking into the afternoon sun.

Psalms 24 from which Mother had quoted almost described my painting for me. Here was a prayer of praise and thanksgiving. There would be people, a little family, in the attitude of prayer.



"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," (Psalm 24:1.)
Emerson Ward Mural by Mary Kimball Johnson

—Photo by Leland Van Wagoner

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world and all that dwell therein.

"For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

"He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

"He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation."

The first phrase would be in the arch above the picture.

We took our new bishop, Harold Bradley, up the canyon to show him the view that was my inspiration, and to get his approval on the subject. This he gave.

Spring brought the University of Utah summer school catalog to my mailbox, and a reminder that it was time to earn another six hours of "progress credit," toward retaining my state teaching certification. The catalog listed a class in mural painting under Florence Ware a friend who had let me help her on the Kingsbury Hall murals a few years before. I felt fortunate, realizing that her direction and criticism would not only be valuable for this mural but also for my teaching of mural classes.

The course was helpful as I had

hoped. Miss Ware and I visited the chapel. I measured and sketched the location of the pulpit, choir seats, piano, organ, and organgrill, in relation to the mural space, for making a scaled drawing.

We had a new bishop by then, Van L. Hixon, who has consistently shown enthusiasm for the project. He climbed a high ladder and measured the arch where the scriptural quotation would go. I made samples of near-perfect color-matchings of woodwork and walls. Then a pencil sketch of the mural design was painted in water color on paper scaled in proportion to the space. I presented it for class criticism. It was approved, and I blocked it off in squares for enlargement. When I did a large painting for my master's degree in 1937, we used a projector to enlarge my small sketch on the five by eight foot canvas. This time we had no such convenience.

Brothers John De Young and Clyde Fidler, contractor and carpenter in our ward, built a stretcher and fastened my canvas to it in the university classroom. The main panel was to be eight feet high and nineteen feet four inches wide. It had to be pulled tightly to the exact size and in an upright position for better viewing. The lower edge was elevated a foot for working convenience, and I bought a small stepladder to help me reach the top.

The large canvas was marked off in the same number of squares as the preliminary sketch, and corresponding areas drawn with charcoal. With a little color and much turpentine it was then briefed in. This coat was later to be covered with two or three coats of opaque paint, not too thick.

Summer school ended, and it was necessary to find a room where the painting could be stored and worked on when opportunity afforded—Saturdays and vacations. Fortunately, for me, there was one in the Constitution Building on Main Street. It was necessary to buy fluorescent lights that would imitate daylight so that I could mix colors accurately. The late Brother Robert Bartlett, an electrician in the ward, installed the lights for me. There was little room, the facilities were barely adequate, but the door locked and the rent was low.

This was seven years ago. Since then, as the mural grew, many water color sketches were made which I used as information for parts of the mural—of landscapes, animals, vegetables, fruits, shrubs, trees, and leaves. And there were sketches of models—all gracious and willing to pose—and never the same one twice for fear of making a portrait. I wanted the figures to be identifiable with the audience at large. For this reason, also, I did not greatly ideal-

(Concluded on page 193)



You also can **SERVE**

by Pamy McCarty

MAY I SUGGEST that you lay your knitting aside, you women who think you're old and left out of things, and adopt the beautiful words of Victor Hugo, "Winter is in my head, but eternal spring is in my heart," as your motto. Then open your eyes and ears wide to your many, many opportunities. Find an answer for your loneliness problem, perhaps right next door, down the street, or in the next block. Certainly somewhere in your town or community there are satisfactory answers if you are willing to hunt for them.

You don't have to be bored. If you still have reasonably good health, your children are all married and gone, your house seems to stay clean with little effort, and you keep asking yourself: "What shall I do now?"—The time has come to lift up your eyes and think of others. Not that you haven't, through all those years of effort and sacrifice in raising your family, but suddenly you are finding yourself without a job. So, again I say, "Look up! There are those who still need you." Why not find consolation through action from some of the following suggestions?

✓ 1. DO CHURCH WORK

How long has it been since you really took part in activities of the Church? Many are needed to quilt, to repair clothing for relief of needy families, to take food to the sick or to the mourning at the time of a death, to sit as a relief aid in the hospital, and to visit as a part of the regular visiting program of the Church. These are just a few of the things that an eager-to-serve woman can find to do. Ask your ward leaders for suggestions, if necessary.

✓ 2. FORM A ROUND-ROBIN SEWING CIRCLE

A sewing circle can be more than a social club. It can offer opportunities to use your hands for others. And

there are many in your neighborhood who would jump at the chance to belong. Instead of doing individual work, make clothes for orphan children or the needy of your community; dress dolls for children's wards at hospitals; roll bandages for medical supplies; or assist the Red Cross, the American Cancer Society, or some other welfare organization in projects that can be done in group meetings.

✓ 3. CARE FOR CHILDREN

Do no-pay baby sitting in your home if you love to care for small children. Don't make a business of it, but offer occasionally to keep nearby babies while their mothers buy groceries or run errands, or offer to care for some small tot while his mother attends P-TA. She can enjoy her activities more, knowing that her child is safe. You will find that few mothers will take unnecessary advantage of your generosity.

✓ 4. USE YOUR CAR FOR CHURCH SERVICE

Do you drive a car? And had you thought of all the ways that you can use it for others? There are so many shut-ins who have no opportunities for outside pleasures simply because they have no one to take them. And there are elderly people who would love to attend Church but who are unable to walk.

✓ 5. TAKE UP A HOBBY

Satisfy that secret longing for a hobby. Perhaps you never took the time from family duties to do anything for yourself. Now is the time. Find others who might join you in your hobby pursuit and organize a hobby club. Whether it is playing the piano or painting a picture, you will actually be doing something that's fun. You probably won't be a Grandma Moses, but you will gain a lot of satisfaction, which is more important.

✓ 6. DO MORE LETTER WRITING

Remember all the friends and relatives that you haven't heard from for so long? Now is the time to start writing those letters that time never permitted. Send snapshots of your children or grandchildren and ask for some in return. Start keeping a family log or diary to be handed down to

(Continued on page 184)



These articles were made by Relief Society members for a bazaar.



When she came home on vacations it was a most enjoyable occasion for all of us. She knew many new and more wonderful stories to tell.

My Sister Anna

by *Bess Foster Smith*

WHEN I TRACE the pattern of my life back through my childhood, I appreciate more and more my sister Anna. She was the middle one of seven and the three of us who came after owe much of the shaping of our lives to her. Not that she ever took care of us or mothered us, in the usual sense of the word. Not at all! As I remember it, she usually worked us. But she always paid up generously, and so we liked being worked.

Her stock in trade was a story, a game, a pan of popcorn, a bonfire with roasted potatoes or something equally tempting, and though she drove a hard bargain, we always had a good time. When there were potatoes to dig, we scrambled to find the mamma potato, the big papa potato, and all the little ones. (It took a pretty good Nebraska hill to produce much of a family!) If it was a trip to the cellar, it was approached with a secret pass like entering Ali Baba's cave. Whatever the job was, she

knew how to make it a thrilling adventure.

School seemed to be made to order for Anna, yet she was not the "know-it-all" type. What she learned she loved, and she wanted to share with us as much of it as our lesser minds could assimilate. During our mile walk from school, she entertained us with stories in which she bore down emphatically on the reward of the good and the punishment of the evil. "Once there was a good little girl and a bad little girl," was one of our favorite beginnings. She could put more actual scare into "Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman," than any storyteller I ever heard, and there was more pathos in "Here stand I, poor Old Man Rink-Rank!" than our tender hearts could hold.

At seventeen she wore a long dress, did her hair up, and taught a country school. There were forty-five children of all sizes and ages, and some of them did not speak English. She

got twenty-five dollars a month, which she saved, and when she had taught two years she had enough to go to the State Normal.

When she came home on vacations, it was a most enjoyable occasion for all of us. She knew many new and more wonderful stories to tell. We were completely imbued with the thrill and romance of higher learning.

We would all go out on starlit evenings, and she could point out the constellation of Orion striding across the sky with his dog and belt. She told us the story of the seven sisters in the Pleiades and the Big Bear and demonstrated the way the entire universe is spinning around and around the Polar Star, until our heads were fairly spinning, too.

Then in the old orchard we would gather laps full of flowers, and sitting in the cool shade, we would pick some of them apart while she explained the processes of pollination

(Continued on page 182)

AFRAID?

by I. H. Kingsbury

The Scene: Nauvoo, Illinois, on the bend of the Great Mississippi in the year 1845.

I WAS SURE the day was perfect because the angel on the top of the temple spire seemed to quiver as if in full flight as he rested on the slender pole that bore him. In fact, when I put my hand in front of my face and covered the part of the building that read "Holiness to the Lord" and moved it upward to obscure the many-sided tower and dome, that angel, with his golden trumpet, seemed to float in the cloudless sky.

But beneath this breath-taking vision, lower and lower to the ground . . . a man skulked. He looked furtively for a companion. From behind a tree sidled another figure. They crouched together. I could not hear their words, but they were very angry. Their hands jerked menacingly, and their feet hastened them out of sight over the brow of the hill.

Until that moment I was so happy all over that I skipped in circles about Mother as she sedately walked up the hill, neither hastening nor slacking her pace because of the dust, rocks, or wagon ruts. But when she saw those two men, she almost hissed my name, not really moving her lips. "Sam," she said, "look at them well!" And that was all. Suddenly I couldn't even swallow. And the sky wasn't as blue nor the breeze from

the bend of the river as sweet and cooling as before. I determined never to forget those faces.

I still wanted to caper back and forth in front of Mother, now to one side, now to the other, but my feet became heavy as if shod with iron. Suddenly I thought of my brother's description of the "Whislin' and Whittlin' Boys." These were our youthful relatives, neighbors, and friends who had organized as a vigilante group and been in active service these recent weeks. In my



Nauvoo Temple

ears echoed a whistled air and the splintering sound of small knives on wood. The remembrance of the circle of boys around these very two men of the hilltop as the boys wielded their pocket knives flashed across my eyes. I wondered how the two had escaped such determined watchfulness.

Big brother Tom, barely a teenager, had been in that ring of lads and had reported that the two men fled the town and the whistling boys; in fact, that they jumped on a raft and were last seen being carried by the swift Mississippi current toward the sea. As we neared our place of worship, I trembled to guess their business on top of the hill.

Another rod or so and our way converged with that of neighbors and relatives, all our brothers and sisters in the gospel. None guessed from Mother's genial smile that only a moment earlier she had talked to me as if I were grown instead of just past twelve.

We soon gained level ground and saw the elders shaking hands with those who entered the temple. I tipped back my head to get a last glance at the golden angel, really a large weather vane, but I could see only the end of his trumpet, still proclaiming a gladness.

Then I took a closer look at the two round windows above the front door. Like portholes of a ship or great hollow eyes peering out of the stone edifice, they attracted the eye. I planned right then to climb up and look out of one of those circles. Yes, I would do it the very next time I came to sweep the floors after the brethren quit work in the evening. My cleaning duties would go on until this glorious building was finished. We held public meetings in the temple even though it was not quite completed. Father thought it would take another year to complete the window trims and the interior woodwork. I thought to myself that I would do my little climbing stunt tomorrow just before dusk as the light departed from the hill. Then sounds of evening would tell of a city in the crescent bend of the silvery river. Perhaps I could stand up in one of those windows as if in an oval frame.

From that lookout I could see all of our city, whose name meant "beautiful"—Nauvoo. A recent move had been to re-name it "Joseph" to honor the Prophet Joseph Smith. However, some of the young ones had recently, and secretly, shortened the name from "Nauvoo, the Beautiful," as the elders said it in sermons, to "beauty," for that, indeed, is what it was. Her setting was pretty as a picture, Mother had said one day. The river, in a semi-circle, girdling the town like a silver sash, was glistening, beckoning. It made an adventurer of each boy who stood on its banks. The hill, its gentle slopes fenced and planted, had houses on it. The sky was blue, clear, inviting fancy.

Hurriedly, now, we entered the great doors of the "house." At least Mother always called it that, keeping in mind the ancient phrase, "house of the Lord." Officially it was "The Nauvoo Temple," always said in full to distinguish it from an earlier sacred place in Ohio.

The solid silence within the walls fell as an opaque curtain behind us; the world was no more its noisy self, but one of peace, joy, and safety.

This unusual privilege of holding general public worship in the still unfinished temple had only recently been granted us, and we were deeply grateful.

I crowded close to Mother, resolving this time not to sit in a far corner away from her as at the last meeting. People and their great enveloping skirts and capes had smothered me out of her handclasp, and only after the meeting could we meet below the steps outside.

If we pushed more sharply to the left, perhaps we could sit where Father would glance at us from the table near the pulpit where he took the minutes of the service. Yes, there he was glancing anxiously at his quills, ink stand, and sand shaker, and counting his papers as if doubting he had brought enough. How I hoped he would search the audience for us, but this time as always he was too preoccupied with his duties. Besides, Mother reminded me, it wouldn't be just the thing for an authority to be overly cordial in church.

And so we settled ourselves. Mother took off her right glove, it being improper to take the Sacrament with a covered hand. From her black satin drawstring bag she took a leatherback hymnbook with words only. She placed it on her lap, ready at a signal from the chorister to join in a song of praise to the Lord.

I am not certain how much of the prayer, song, exhortation, or Sacrament had gone forward before a sound, recognizable only to the hunted, crashed our tranquil spirits. Someone whispered, "The mob!" An usher shook a finger of silence, another held up a hand for attention, as the noise of advancing horses and carts, angry yells, howls of the mob, occasional gunshots, came thundering through the doors and windows.

If the river had suddenly turned its strength upon our fields and carried them away, if lightning had burned our home to a cinder, if Mother had left us never to return—we could not have experienced terror or helpless horror more. The back of my neck became cold with fright, and my cry for my father to help us was unheard in the din of panic that followed.

As the doors burst open and shrieking mobsters rushed the congregation, a surge of terrified people in flight swept toward the far corners, the windows, and staircases. Parents clutched children; strong men formed a wall of defense as the assembly of worshipers fled for their lives.

All the sounds of the human voice could be heard, except singing: cries, yells, sobs, groans of pain—and over it all the curses of persecutors who knew not the meaning of a sacred service. Men and women stampeded past us, closely followed by the mobsters. Among the last of those wicked people I saw the two plotters urging on their henchmen.

I reached for Mother's hand, hoping to escape with her or to die with her. Where was she! Not fleeing in terror, not trampling others under foot, not shrieking for my father to save us, not crying hoarsely for help from any source at all! I stood still. There was Mother! She sat where I had so suddenly left her: head bowed, hands tightly grasped around her hymnbook, eyes closed, a prayer issuing from her heart—not a trace of fear on her serene countenance.

I have never before nor since seen a human being so unwilling to run for her life, so utterly self-possessed, so sure she was in the right, and so determined to pursue that right even in the face of death.

Why was I running before the ugly villains, these crazed destroyers of

worship, if Mother could sit and pray? The sight of her there, unmoved, so fortified me that I firmly walked back to her side and sat down. I hoped a ruffian would see me *not* retreating and believe me as brave as Mother. Just for added strength and comfort, as if I could gain them by osmosis, I pressed my arm against hers. Then I realized the power of her rock-like bearing in the face of danger. I was convinced Mother was not afraid of man or devil!

Scarcely a few minutes elapsed before the temple was cleared of both pursued and pursuing—except that there sat Mother, and there sat I. Then she arose, took me by the hand, and we left the "house."

The deathlike hush that remained was as submerging as though the Mississippi had flooded the building.

Once outside, the worshipers gathered in a meadow nearby and were called to order by the presiding authority. Apparently nothing could force a closing of one of our meetings. The lawless mobsters departed the scene of their destruction and rushed down one side of the hill. Upon reaching the curve of the river they halted, milled about, and scattered as driftage before a wave of the sea.

Mother and I drew near our loved ones in the meadow and sat on the grass together, still gripping hands. A backward glance at the deserted building called to my mind my resolve to look out its round windows; but somehow I didn't want to do so now or ever—with that mob nearby.

I noticed Mother still held her hymnbook. She tucked it in her silk bag, ready for the next day of worship. Mother put her hand under my chin, and I looked into her eyes as she tilted up my face. She smiled.

I felt I would not be afraid of anything the rest of my life.

Nauvoo from across the river. From a sketch by Fredrick Piercy.



Parents: A Look at Ourselves

by Dr. Antone K. Romney

PROFESSOR OF EDUCATIONAL ADMINISTRATION, BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY,
AND PRESIDENT OF BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY STAKE

II

JUDGING FROM the conduct and conversation of many adolescents, it is easy to assume that they are interested mostly in food, dates, dances, sports, and in avoiding work and responsibility. Actually this is not true. As parents we learn that they have real interest in the more serious things of life. They are likely to feel deeply about religion, politics, and social reform. They surprise us with their insight and wisdom. They often show great spiritual qualities, and their desire for knowledge about themselves and others is almost limitless.

An adolescent may outrun his father, but he still has the urge to throw a rock at the neighbor's cat. In some ways he resembles a child and in other ways an adult. He is in that "growing up" period in which rapid changes are occurring emotionally, physically, socially, and spiritually. For the first dozen years of his life he has depended upon adults to provide for him and guide him in every way. Now he feels new growth and desires. He wants to be an adult, to be independent, to make his own decisions. He has difficulty making proper relationships with adults. He becomes confused and sometimes rebellious. He may suddenly—without sufficient training in responsibility—want to make his own home, and at once!

Wise parents will understand. They will attempt to realize the extent and force of the problems of this period, to help in every way possible. Perhaps the first way would be through self-analysis. Do we as parents have attitudes, obsessions, and "years of experience" which hinder instead of help us make good homes?

Let us consider first a few parental attitudes which may be preventing optimum service to our children.

Some parents take the pessimistic attitude: Youth problems are bound to occur and eventually may get the best of our youth. These parents assume an attitude of helplessness, defeatism, an attitude that evil is inevitable. They forget that had our pioneer forefathers taken a similar attitude, they would have dropped by the wayside and their descendants would still be seeking happiness through an easier route. As it is, we are reaping the benefits of an optimistic, courageous viewpoint.

Another attitude is the cynical one—taken by parents who are satisfied to let things take their course because they feel that no individual parent is in a position to carry through with a constructive program. They therefore do not attempt to fight ills which confront them with constructive plans.

An insincere, optimistic attitude may be equally harmful. Some parents feel that youth problems are overemphasized, that the best way to handle them is to ignore them, that youth will somehow muddle through. They convince themselves that eventually, without too much assistance from parents, children will turn out all right. These parents forget the tremendous responsibility assigned them in the revelations of God. Their insincerity or unwarranted optimism will not free them from their duty.

There are also those parents with the burdened attitude, those who feel that they are pressed beyond their ability to accomplish the tasks connected with parenthood. They feel that the job is too big for them and they approach the rearing of children with great feelings of apprehension.

And again there are parents who feel that they are always too busy for this or that demand which might add to the happiness of the adolescent. Instead of managing their affairs, their affairs manage them. Yet we know that often it is the busiest people, who nevertheless master their environment, who are our most successful parents.

These attitudes, and some others, are obviously contrary to gospel teachings and may not be as common among Latter-day Saints as sociolo-



—Morgenthau Press Photo service
Close mother-daughter relationship
builds confidence and trust.

gists seem to feel they are among parents in general. Compare these poor attitudes with what sociologists term the intelligent optimistic attitude. Note its harmony with Church teachings.

Parents with this attitude consider it a privilege and opportunity to have a family, and they are willing and anxious to take the time to carry the load which this requires. They approach their teen-age children with joyous courage and with the conviction that service to and association with these children are the greatest opportunities of life. They truly give of themselves. They are courageous, faithful fathers and mothers to whom young men and women will turn for information, guidance, love, security, and hope in the future. These parents are radiant with enthusiasm for righteous living. They are happily living the gospel as it should be lived.

LDS parents with this attitude know that they are responsible for their actions and that they will reap rewards in proportion to their good actions. They *want* to be responsible for their children, and inasmuch as they are responsible, they desire to be as intelligent about it as possible.

There are, in addition to faulty parental attitudes, other parent-related factors which may weaken the home's effectiveness during the "storm and stress" teen years. Consider for example the overemphasis on one phase of life to the neglect of others. Some homes are materialistic to the point of disregarding the higher values of life. Some homes stress outside activity and thus spread energies in too many directions. In other homes, one of the gospel principles is stressed to the exclusion of all others. Some homes are unbalanced by the overstress on a political philosophy, and everyone has visited in a home where cleanliness was an obsession so insisted upon that other areas of home life were neglected.

And finally, in the area of parental attitudes and obsessions, there are the differences between parents and their children inherent in age, intellect, physical condition, accomplish-

ment, and experience. The average ages of parents of adolescent-age children are 37 to 57 years, and characteristics of these ages are naturally unlike those of the 12 to 20 years. Physically there are differences. A father at fifty, for example, may not run as fast, hear as well, or be as alert as his teen-age son. He cannot endure as much physical exertion and his body recuperates from injury less rapidly. Mentally, he is not as quick as his teen-ager.

The parent does have more wisdom. His accomplishments are greater. He has perhaps fulfilled a mission. He has chosen his mate. He has selected an occupation and made his start financially. He has perhaps collected around him most of the material and spiritual resources which he will accumulate.

He is less radical concerning politics, personal opinions in general, and is usually more tolerant than his teen-age son. He has considerably more poise and confidence and has developed a religious insight which is satisfying. Along with his maturity have come disillusionments, unfulfilled hopes and ambitions.

In numerous ways, he is different

from his son. Forgetting his own youthful desires for freedom and independence, for example, he may (particularly in areas where he has suffered disillusionment) press his son toward an undesired vocation.

Wise parents will not try to regulate and mold their children's lives in terms of the desires of middle age. They will not expect the teen-ager to react to anger, love, or fear as they would. They cannot expect teen-age fears about health, age, money, or other concerns, to equal theirs. Teen-agers are moved more deeply by the immediate urges.

Parental attitudes and obsessions may be harmful or helpful. Parents' "years of experience" may have made them warm and understanding—or rigid. But it is well to remember that the adolescent years are unpredictable and trying, that teen-age emotional, social, physical, and spiritual needs and characteristics are such that parents need all of the faith, knowledge, and inspiration they can muster if they are to give the love, understanding, and guidance without which the complexities of the adolescent years are likely to make their children unhappy and insecure.

Build a home where friends feel free to gather for study and for fun.

—Montmegey Press Photo service



TO BE A KING

PART II

by *Hugh J. Cannon*

A FORMER EDITOR OF THE ERA

THE HOME in Jerusalem to which David and his retinue came was a palatial one, more beautiful and scarcely less pretentious than that of Tiberius at Rome. The loving deference with which David was received by the host of servants indicated a heartfelt affection which cannot be purchased with money. The house had been beautified by gold, silver, and precious gems. Skilled decorators had exhausted their ingenuity in an effort to make it and its surroundings perfect. In the gardens, too, the hand of an artist as well as a craftsman was visible.

The young man was conscious of an abnormal obsession to be satisfied with nothing less than the best which could be obtained.

While his association with heathen nations had not weaned him from the faith of his fathers, it had given him tastes not common to his race; and the delight he took in sports, combined with his rugged physique, had encouraged him to become highly proficient along lines requiring great bodily strength and endurance. In addition, no possible opportunity of gaining knowledge had been denied him, and his studies, aided by an innate love of virtue inherited from his parents and solicitously cultivated by those worthy people, had kept him unpolluted despite the vice which flourished on all sides and to which his associates so flagrantly abandoned themselves.

During the long hours of traveling, after leaving Rome with hope so high, he had endeavored to analyze his own character. Lebanon's words had made a deep impression. If his mission was to bring redemption to an oppressed people, he must be worthy of the call. Outwardly his character was unusually stable; and yet he recognized the fact that it was in

reality made up of strangely divergent and contradictory elements.

Not many hours after his return to Jerusalem, David was visited by a number of his staunch friends and supporters. Among them were soldiers, statesmen, and scholars; and the young man felt at ease with them all, for he was himself a thoroughly trained soldier, had prepared himself to be a member of the great Sanhedrin as soon as years and marriage entitled him to such a place, and was a scholar of more than ordinary note.

These callers were impatient to learn the results of his visit to Rome; and the report of what had occurred there was given and received with enthusiasm.

"One thing Tiberius advised," David said, "is most repugnant to my feelings, and he was offended because of my reluctance to accept his suggestion. He insists that I cultivate Herod and his friends, conceding of course that I cannot win the former, but with the thought that some of the latter may join our movement. But you, my friends, know how I abhor the expedient, and I can hardly bring myself to fulfil my promise to the emperor."

Tiberius' view met with vigorous approval from all. Haran expressed the general feeling.

"It is the wise thing to do. To be sure you will never have Herod's good will, but he may be less dangerous as a professed friend than as an avowed enemy. He himself is so fickle that he has few sincere followers. Those who remain faithful to him do so because they think such allegiance offers some personal advantage."

"That is largely true but not en-

tirely so," interposed a genial old man, Elihu. "He has some very upright men on his side whose support we must win if we are to succeed—Nicodemus, for example."

"And Zebulon?" The question aroused opposition on the part of most of those present.

"Zebulon is absolutely pledged to the tetrarch," Elihu replied, "and I am not sure he would add to our strength if we could win his support. He is powerful to be sure, but unscrupulous, and he hates David bitterly. Do you know Herod has promised, in the event he becomes king, that at the earliest possible moment Zebulon shall have Annas' position, and that much of the former power of that office is to be restored?"

"What? Make that dissolute wretch high priest?" A chorus of voices were raised in protest.

"That promise has been given. Of that I have positive knowledge," Elihu said. "Judah would indeed have cause to mourn should such a calamity befall us, and we can do our race no greater service than to thwart such unrighteous plans. Zebulon is corrupt, but he has, nevertheless, a large following, and Herod can well afford to make flattering promises in return for the prestige which these elements will bring. Notwithstanding the rebuff he received in Rome, the tetrarch is determined to succeed and is spurred on by the ambitious and unprincipled Herodias, to whose seductive wiles he has fallen an easy victim."

"Is he putting forth any direct efforts to win my friends?" David asked.

Several were eager to answer, but Elihu was first to be heard. "To show the lengths to which Herod is prepared to go, I have but to report that he sent for me to seduce me away from you, David, with promise of position and honors. Seduce me! When I have loved you always as my own son! I learned that he is making handsome offers of reward to others, and we must fight him with his own weapons, not the venal ones he uses, to be sure, but with the thing you hate, David, expediency. He professes to have the kindest feelings for you personally, and no word indicated that he views you as

a rival. We must cultivate him and his friends."

This meeting lasted far into the night. Before its conclusion, it was decided that all present should maintain as pleasant relations with Herod as possible. After much persuasion, David agreed to accept an invitation to attend a celebration which the tetrarch was giving in Jericho in honor of his own birthday.

Frequent reports reached David that Herod had spared neither expense nor pains to make the celebration an event which should surpass in splendor all similar occasions. It was to be held in the palace at the Garden of Palms in Jericho, renowned as the most beautiful spot in Palestine.

As the young nobleman, en route with his servants to attend this gathering, came to the brow of the hill from which the first glimpse of the "sea of the plain" and the Jordan valley was to be had, he ordered his company to a halt and gazed enraptured at the scene spread out before him.

Seven hundred feet below the sur-

face of the Mediterranean and on the eastern slope of the mountains of Judea was the city of Jericho. In early history of the promised land it was known as the fragrant city, "a pleasant place" to live. To the east and southeast the ground declined gradually to the Jordan and the Salt Sea.

On this particular evening Jericho was at its best. A soft rain had fallen during the day, and nature was radiant. The final rays of the setting sun beautified the dark blue saline sea and adjacent hills and plains with their semitropical foliage. Above the city towered the somber mountain, later known as Mount Temptation.

Even the poorest spots in the landscape were wondrously rich in color and in history. Here prophets had communed with the Almighty and had boldly declared his message. Mount Nebo of the Pisgah district, the highest peak of the mountains of Moab on the extreme east of the valley, stood as a watchful sentinel over the promised land. The River Jordan, a purple ribbon in the mellow evening light, verdant gardens, silvery

lake, and desolate hills united in making the picture impressively colorful.

So interested in the scene was the young man that the banquet was almost forgotten. When the lengthening shadows finally reminded him of his duty, he commanded his servants to follow, and urging his swift and willing camel to its greatest speed, he was soon at the gaily decorated palace.

One might easily have imagined from the interest awakened by David's arrival that the Roman emperor himself had honored the feast with his presence. No host could have welcomed a guest more ceremoniously, nor could any hostess be more graciously charming than was the ill-famed Herodias.

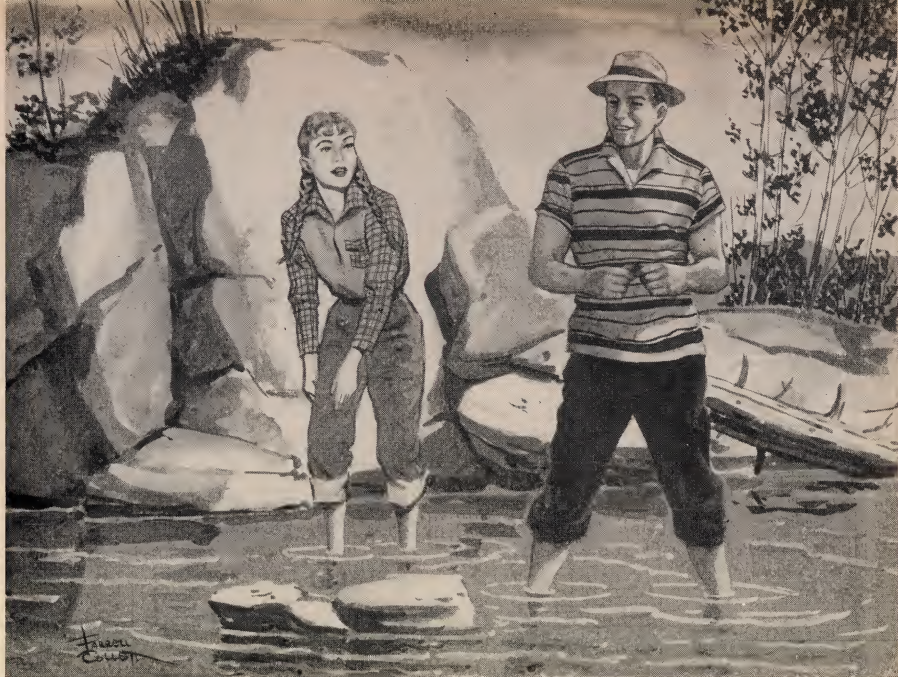
Indeed, more than one observant guest suggested to David that this affair was specially planned to rehabilitate Herod and Herodias among the influential men and women of the land; for despite their arrogance and usual disregard of the proprieties, they realized that a feeling was developing against them which, if not effectively checked, would result in

(Continued on page 202)

A striking view of Nazareth in Galilee, the town where Mary and Joseph lived and from where they journeyed south to Bethlehem. Nazareth was the home of Jesus, and here he received his religious training, both at home and in the synagogue. The hill on which Nazareth stands is honeycombed with tombs and ancient caves.

—Religious News Service Photo





They rolled their trouser legs up and waded into the lake. When they were hungry, Mike built a fire and they roasted hot dogs. . . .

The Richest Girl in Town

by Mary E. Knowles

WHEN MIKE GREGORY reached the Braden home on Pierce Avenue, cars were arriving and people in evening clothes were getting out, calling back and forth to each other in easy comraderie.

As Mike walked up the flagstone path, he felt friendless and conspicuous. It was all exactly as Jo Hutchinson had warned him it would be.

He had seen her in the lower hall at Walter Dirk Hospital as he came out of his room. She was hurrying toward the elevator, a hot water bottle in her hand, but she had stopped when she saw him and had come back, and just stood there staring, and suddenly the rented tuxedo felt too tight, and he had blurted out, "Do I look that bad?"

She shook her head. "You look wonderful, Mike." And then her

voice blurred a bit. "I didn't believe you were serious about going to Meredith Braden's party."

"Why shouldn't I go?" All at once he was angry because the look in Jo's eyes made him feel guilty, although she wasn't his girl. He had been careful not to have a girl.

She had said gently, "You won't know anyone but Meredith, and that ritzy crowd will highhat you."

For a moment he had been tempted not to go, to wait around until Jo got off duty instead. They could go to The Hut down the street and listen to the jukebox.

And then he remembered that he had decided to play life smart. Dad had graduated from medical school at the top of his class, too. He'd had a brilliant future as a surgeon. Instead he had married a girl as poor

as he, gone to Ebbsville to practise. He had worked for thirty years as a country doctor and died broke.

Make up your mind what you wanted from life and then go after it. Right now Meredith Braden was what he wanted. He had told Jo easily, "Don't worry, I'll get along."

NOW HERE he was ready to ring the doorbell. Guests swarmed around him, and he had that feeling of being alone in a crowd. It wasn't too late to back out. And then he remembered last January when Meredith Braden had been brought into Emergency.

She had broken her ankle skiing and the crowd she had been with brought her down from the mountains. They had come surging in, their gay ski togs looked strangely out

of place in the white-walled hallway. Meredith was shouting, "Be careful, you clumsies!" as two boys carried her in.

One of them said, "You've been crabbing at us all the way down. We should drop you right here!"

Suddenly Meredith had taken her arm from around their necks, pushed them away, and then stood on one foot, holding a chair for support. "I'll manage myself!"

A girl in a kelly-green outfit said angrily, "It's your own fault you got hurt! We warned you not to enter the slalom race. But you had to show off!"

Meredith tossed her head and her shoulder-length hair was like dull gold against the scarlet of her jacket. Mike and Dr. Brent Shaw had taken her in for X-rays then. "Sorry, we'll have to cut your trouser leg."

"So what!" she'd said crossly. "Slash it to ribbons. I've always detested this suit."

He had warned her when he set the ankle. "This is going to hurt."

"I can take it!" She had sounded cocky, but he had admired her courage. She had clenched her teeth, but she hadn't cried out.

After it was all over, and she'd been sent home in an ambulance, he and Brent had gone outside for a breath of air. "That," Brent had told him, "was Carl Braden's kid. She's the richest girl in town and a spoiled brat."

Mike hadn't replied. He supposed all that Brent said was true, that she was a spoiled brat; but he remembered a moment when he was alone with Meredith, and he had looked up to see her crying soundlessly, tears sliding down her cheeks. "I wasn't just showing off, Dr. Gregory. I honestly thought I had good enough control to enter the races. Now—will I ever walk again?"

"Why, of course," he had told her. "You'll be dancing in a month or two."

"Will you dance with me?"

"You bet."

"That's a promise? You're not kidding?" Her mouth twisted into a smile that was wistful.

"You bet it's a promise."

She hadn't forgotten. A week ago she had brought him an engraved invitation. "My twenty-first birthday party," she'd said. "There's going to be dancing. Remember your promise?"

She had tossed her hair out of her eyes and smiled at him, and there was a coltish awkwardness about her that was charming.

Now he rang the doorbell, and then he was in the large hallway with its scenic paper, its highly polished floor, part of a crowd, and then quite suddenly alone again. He had been a fool to come. And then he saw himself in the large mirror on the wall and remembered what Dr. Van Clifton had said that day over a year ago when they were scrubbing up before an operation. "What do you plan to do after you finish your internship, Dr. Gregory?"

"Open an office of my own here in the city, sir." He had thought, I won't go back to Ebbsville, that's for sure!

"That takes money."

"More than I've got." Frustration had welled up in Mike's throat, choking him. Working your way through school was hard enough, but it still would cost a small fortune to get started.

Then Dr. Clifton had said quite bluntly, "Play it smart, Dr. Gregory. You are handsome enough to take your pick of girls. Don't get involved with any of them until you finish your internship, and then marry the richest girl in town." His right eyebrow had lifted in that intriguing way his society patients found charming. "That's what I did."

For a moment Mike had been



shocked. You were supposed to marry because you were so much in love you couldn't live without the girl.

But the feeling of shock passed. Why not plan your marriage as sensibly as you planned your career?

Now in the mirror he saw Meredith appear in the archway. She was wearing a dress of some gossamer yellow material that made her look all golden and radiant.

She came toward him with that awkward grace and held out her hands. "Oh, you did come!" She sounded happy, and all at once he liked her. Maybe her bad disposition that night had been due to pain. Maybe she wasn't as bad as Brent had said she was.

She hooked her arm in his. "Come see my gifts, and I want you to meet Dad."

He remembered the gift in his pocket. A bracelet with little silver horseshoes and four-leaf clovers for charms. Maybe he should give it to her now. But he hesitated, and a few minutes later he was glad he had as he looked down on the table laden with gifts. He counted four bracelets resplendent with platinum and diamonds and emeralds. He whistled, "Not bad, not bad!"

She picked up one of the bracelets, looked at it, and then tossed it back. "Oh, it's just junk."

If she considered those bracelets junk, what would she think of the charm bracelet? A bracelet with horseshoes and four-leaf clovers was more Jo's speed.

"Dad is over here, Mike."

Somehow Mike had pictured Carl Braden differently. A captain of finance, a distinguished "man of distinction." Instead he was a tall, square, ruddy-faced man, and despite the impeccable tailoring of his evening clothes, he looked out of place among his guests. "Dad, this is Dr. Gregory."

Carl Braden did not hold out his hand. Gray eyes glared at Mike from beneath shaggy eyebrows. "So you're Dr. Gregory."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't like doctors!"

"Dad!" Meredith laughed, but she looked angry, too.

"You all think you are so smart. Why, when Meredith was born—" he stopped suddenly and put his arm affectionately about Meredith. "What do you think of my girl?"

"She's all right," Mike said.

"Let's dance, Dr. Gregory." Meredith took hold of his arm and they walked out onto the cement terrace

(Continued on following page)

The Richest Girl In Town

(Continued from preceding page)

where there was an orchestra. Meredith went easily into his arms, and he smelled the fragrance of her hair. It reminded him of the roses that grew wild over fences in Ebbsville.

"You mustn't take offense at what Dad said," she told him. "He has never gotten over my mother's death. I was born in a wild boom town, and mother died. I think Dad blames himself for not making her go back to the city."

Mike could imagine Braden in a wild oil town, in leather jacket and khaki pants, bossing a crew of men.

As they danced, Mike saw that the large garden was lighted with strings of lights and there was a long table with a five-tiered cake in the center. The food was set out buffet style and he remembered he had had no dinner.

Someone bumped into them. Meredith said, "Oh, hello, Roger."

"Happy birthday again, Meredith." The tall blonde boy's smile was very stiff.

"That's Roger Dixon," Meredith told Mike. "He's still mad at me because I jilted him practically at the church. But he'll still be nice to me because his father owes my father money."

All at once Mike had had enough. But I don't owe your father anything, he thought. The music started again, and Meredith turned to him. He said, "I'm sorry, but I must go now. I'm on duty at seven in the morning."

Her face flushed. "Thanks for coming, Dr. Gregory." He thought he saw hurt in her blue eyes, but he didn't care. He went out the side gate. Carl Braden was standing there. "You leaving so soon?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Got your car?"

"I don't own a car."

"Want my man to drive you home?"

It was a temptation. He was bone-tired. But he didn't want to be under obligation to Carl Braden for even a ride. "No, thank you, sir." He walked away, wondering if he had seen admiration in the big man's eyes, or if it had been a trick of the lights.

He went up the side steps of the hospital, and as he put his hand on the doorknob, he heard Jo call, "Mike

—wait." She was standing in the shadows. "Don't go in yet."

They sat on the steps. "Did you have a good time?" she asked.

"Not exactly. Her father hates doctors and told me so. Meredith acted like a rude brat."

"Don't feel too bad, Mike." She moved toward him in a gesture of comfort.

"What's the matter with me? We laugh at the same jokes, we speak the same language."

"Nothing is wrong with you," he said miserably.

"Nothing except that I come from the wrong part of town and my father hasn't a million dollars, isn't that it?" she asked in a hurt voice.

Mike took a deep breath. There was much he wanted to tell Jo. He wanted to tell her that his father could have been as wealthy as Dr. Clifton. Instead he doctored people like the Midgleys down by the river. They had a whole tribe of kids, all girls, and every year Dad had delivered a new baby. They always paid him off in eggs that weren't fresh, and in whole baskets full of parsnips.

A year ago Mike had been home for two days. He hadn't heard Dad leave because there was a thunderstorm. But when he got up next morning, he found the note, "Gone to Midgleys." Mike had gone to look for him and found him a mile from home, his car bogged down in mud. He had tried to push the car out and had a heart attack.

Mike had picked him up out of the mud, put him in the car. "You shouldn't have gone, Dad!"

His throat tightened now, remembering the way Dad had smiled at him. "I got there in time, Mike."

"And did she pay you off with a bushel of parsnips!"

"No. She gave me the most radiant smile. A boy, Mike, after nine girls."

Dad said something else, too, but Mike was trying to forget it. He said, "You'll come back here to practise, won't you, Son?"

Mike hadn't promised because he didn't see how his father could ask such a thing. He'd said, "We'll talk about that later." But the next minute Dad was dead.

Now he wanted to tell Jo all that so she would understand. But he

couldn't. He said, "Let's forget the whole thing, Jo!"

"You'll see Meredith again, won't you?" Jo asked.

"Of course I'll see her again. Someday I'm going to marry her."

The next morning he thought, It's your move, dope. You're supposed to ask Meredith for a date. And where would you take her, pray tell? You're broke, and payday—such as it is—is a week away.

Two days passed, and he thought of pawning the bracelet, but he didn't. The bracelet was for Meredith. The next day he got a letter from Uncle Fred in Ebbsville. They were still without a doctor and the nearest hospital was fifty miles away. They were praying he could come back there to practise.

Mike read through the letter. He wasn't going back there! He could telephone Meredith, talk to her so she wouldn't forget he existed. That wouldn't cost money. But when he came out of surgery Miss Adams told him, "Telephone for you, Doctor."

It was Meredith. "How are you, Mike?"

"Wonderful. It's good to hear your voice."

"Why didn't you call me?" She sounded as if she had been crying. "We've been rushed here. I only have one day a week off."

"Are you free tomorrow night?"

"No, but I could trade nights with someone."

"Then let's go somewhere together, Mike. I know you were disgusted with me at my party—"

"Oh no, I wasn't. I—"

"The way I talked about Roger Dixon! Let me see you again. We could drive out to The Pines for dinner, and—"

"Whoa!" Mike laughed. "You're talking to a poor intern who—"

"Oh, I'd give you money for everything."

Mike waged a silent battle with his pride. Then he thought, What difference does it make? She has plenty of money. "All right," he said. "I'll be ready at seven."

As they drove away from the hospital the next evening, Mike saw Jo standing on the steps, a hurt expression on her face. The Pines was crowded and Mike was disturbed to see Carl Braden at a table with four

(Continued on page 180)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

We Walk By Faith*

by Orson F. Whitney

MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE
(April 9, 1906-May 16, 1931)

BECAUSE THOU hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." (John 20:29.) So said the Savior to Thomas, one of the chosen Twelve.

Why is it more blessed to believe without seeing? Is it not because, through the exercise of faith in the midst of human vicissitudes, we acquire our spiritual development? And are we not here for that purpose? Is it not a fundamental condition of our mortal existence? In the previous



Orson F. Whitney

life, we "walked by sight;" but in this life, we are required to walk by faith—a more difficult thing to do. For keeping our "first estate," we were "added upon," were given these bodies, with opportunities for development; and for keeping this, our "second estate," we shall have glory added upon our heads forever and ever. This is the Lord's promise to us.

If he should pour out upon us, prematurely, the fulness of knowledge, it would put a stop to our spiritual development, for knowledge swallows up faith and removes the opportunity for its exercise. Therefore, our Heavenly Father, in his wisdom, speaks only through certain ones, his oracles, his special witnesses, and occasionally reveals himself to them. They know that they have seen and heard him; but the great mass of mankind are expected to believe their testimony, and this because it is best for them. Some day the knowledge of God will cover the earth, and all men shall know him, from the least unto the greatest. We shall know what we knew before, and add to it all we have learned since. We do not begin to know in the body what we know out of the body. We are not as good and noble in the body as we are in the spirit and can-

Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane.



—Painting by
Wenzel Schwarz

Photo by Camera Clis

not be until we have subdued the body and brought it under control. We are hampered and held down by this weight of clay, and when death comes it is a glad release.

But we are not going to die. We are deathless beings. We lived before we came into this world, and we shall live after we go out of it. What we call death is not worthy the name. There is no death for the righteous. Christ died to destroy death. The change called death is but a temporary separation of the spirit from the body; and while the body goes back to mother earth, the spirit returns to God who gave it—it enters Paradise, the place of departed spirits, there to await the resurrection. Yes, the day will come when spirit and body will reunite, to be no more

subject to these mortal conditions, and the soul shall inherit eternal life, a fulness of joy. Such are the hopes and promises held out by the gospel.

None of our dear departed ones are dead. They have but gone before. This so-called death, when properly understood, is simply a going back home. There is a universal law requiring all things to return whence they came and where they belong. It is the law of restitution, spoken of by the holy prophets since the world began. This sublime lesson is taught not only in the scriptures, but in the book of nature. The raindrops, the moment they strike the ground, begin to trickle back to the ocean, or evaporate to the clouds from which they fell. Up from the bosom of the mighty deep and over the broad land are carried the waters that are showered upon the earth to make it green and flowery and fruitful; and when those waters have fulfilled their mission, they are gathered back to their ocean reservoir. Not a drop of dew is lost. Matter is eternal; spirit is eternal; intelligence or the light of truth is eternal; and our spirits that come from God, the moment they are born into this world, begin traveling back to eternity—

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Deta Petersen Neeley— WOMAN OF COURAGE

by Marba C. Josephson

ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR



Glen and Deta Neeley at the farm in Tremonton, 1945.

CAN YOU DRIVE a little faster, Glen? I'm sure we can catch that little fellow if you can only make the car speed up a little." It was Deta Petersen Neeley's voice that urged her husband to race over the trackless barren desert lands about thirty miles west of Sugarville, Millard County, Utah. This was a region where wild horses abounded, and nothing would do but that Deta have one—and Glen wholeheartedly fell in with the plan. After all, it would be a wonderful asset on their summer ranch in rural Tremonton, Utah.

Of course, keeping the colt posed a problem because it would be some time before school was out; they would have to find someone to tend him until summer vacation. However, nothing would do but for them to catch the colt—and so they did! They cut him from the band of wild horses and brought him back to Sugarville crowded into the luggage compartment.

A neighbor was prevailed upon to take over the feeding of the colt—along with his cow. A carpenter was inveigled later to rig up a crate in

which they could transport the colt. But that wasn't the half of it; when they finally started for their ranch, they had to stop along the way to get milk to feed the colt and to let him out of the crate; after all, he was cramped in it and needed the exercise. Deta could never let anything suffer.

When they reached Tremonton, they had to buy a fresh cow so that the colt would have milk to drink. But their labors were not fruitless because he grew into a beautiful saddle horse which they prized all the more because they had found him themselves.



Deta Petersen Neeley, Doctor of Education, University of California, 1937.

THE EXPERIENCE of teaching in Sugarville followed the marriage in the Logan Temple of Deta Petersen and Nathan Glen Neeley on November 30, 1921. The marriage culminated a courtship that began when both young people attended Brigham Young College in Logan, Utah.

Deta was the youngest of a family of eight, the daughter of Mary and Chrest Petersen. At the time of her birth, three boys and a girl had died, two of them within a few hours of each other, from the dread disease diphtheria. Chrest and Mary were delighted with the new baby; hope sprang again in their hearts—they were young; there would be other children. But within four months of Deta's birth, her father lay tragically dead! Deta's mother rented

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

the new farm to which she and her husband had so recently moved and returned with the remaining children to their former home in Bear River City. Here death struck again—another son, Frank, died from diphtheria, also.

When Deta was twelve years old, her mother moved to Logan in order that Dave, and later Deta, could attend Brigham Young College. An older sister, Lucinda, had married and set up her own home with Orson Jensen.

At Brigham Young College Deta found an entirely new world of delight open before her. Her activities were many and varied. She sang beautifully and participated in operas, sang solos, sang in duets, quartets, double quartets, and in the choir. She became a star performer in school dramatics also. Moreover, she was a talented dancer and found such great joy in it that she decided she would make dancing her life career. During the summer vacations she went to California and continued her dancing training. There she had an offer of a dancing career that seemed most inviting. Life was challenging and promising to Deta Petersen.

It was at Brigham Young College that she met Nathan Glen Neeley of Franklin, Idaho, and fell in love with him—and he with her. His stellar performances in athletics, particularly in basketball, made him a hero in the school. Things were moving along smoothly—and then in April 1917 during their third year at the school, the United States declared war against Germany. The young men lived in anxiety from day to day, wondering whether they would be allowed to finish their schooling before they would be called to active duty.

Glen Neeley left for the service on November 7, 1917, to spend fifteen months in France. He returned to Logan in July 1919.

Deta meanwhile continued in school until she earned her normal diploma. During the fall of her second year of teaching she underwent a serious operation at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City.

One evening during Deta's illness, her mother suddenly felt a troubling fear. Deta was dying! The mother had already watched five of her children pass away. She could not let this daughter go. She ran blindly from the room to find a doctor. As



The Petersens, left to right: David, Deta, Mother Mary, and Lucinda.

she hurried down the hospital corridor, she saw a stately man coming toward her.

"Oh, doctor," cried Mary, "come quickly; my daughter needs you."

Mary stopped abruptly. She saw that it was one of the General Authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints whom she had addressed. Hurriedly she began to apologize, but he said kindly, "Take me to her."

When they reached Deta's room, he pleaded for her life. As he finished praying, he said to Mary, "Your daughter will be well again and become a teacher of children—not only

in this country but abroad as well." This is a promise to which not only Deta's mother but the entire family clung and which brought peace. Through her books Deta has fulfilled this promise—75,000 to 80,000 of which have been sold to date.

The operation spelled the end to Deta's plans for a dancing career. Since the family was small, only two daughters and one son and the mother remaining, they became a closely knit family. Glen was rapidly integrated into the family after his marriage to Deta.

When she taught in Sugarville, Deta had fifty-seven students and taught four grades. She received \$120 a month for her work. Her talents soon came to the attention of the board of education of Millard County. When at the age of twenty-four, Deta became the first supervisor for the Primary grades in that county, she had already proved her worth against difficulties.

Deta was always interested in every child, not only the most precocious or the prettiest. She wished every child to approximate the rich experiences in his schooldays that she had enjoyed. This desire prompted her to write an operetta in which each child in the area had a role to play. She had to write it herself in order to meet her own demands for participation. In it she used 450 children. The opera carried the stirring title of *King Grizzly Beard*.

How could she create such an operetta? Behind the operetta lies the poignant story of Deta Neeley's own ambitions. Since she had been forced to give up her own dreams of a professional career as actor and dancer, she would use her talents in helping others realize the joy that came from participation in the cultural activities for which she had trained.

While Deta was in Deseret Stake, she also served on the Sunday School stake board; an office she later held in Bear River Stake. Moreover, she became supervisor of the Religion Class in Deseret Stake.

Her phenomenal success in her teaching career won those who, at first, felt her too young to succeed so rapidly. Her teaching included work in Porterville, Bear River City, and Richmond, in addition to Sugarville. She also was Elementary Supervisor for four years in the Millard School



Brigham Young College Opera, 1917. Deta Petersen and George Preston.

Strengthening the Tie that Binds

by W. Glenn Harmon

FORMERLY PRESIDENT BERKELEY STAKE

WITH THE COMPLETION of the Swiss and the Los Angeles temples and the construction of the British and the New Zealand temples going forward, the attention of both Church members and many non-members has centered upon temples and temple work.

Temple work at once brings to mind the subject of genealogy. And of course when one thinks of genealogy, it is usually in terms of one's own family tree, for that is of primary and immediate importance.

But genealogy has a broad aspect as well as an intimate one; the family tree is the connecting link between the individual and the great human family in its entirety. It is to that broad, all-inclusive aspect of genealogy, the great human family in its entirety, past, present, and future, that I would here direct the reader's attention. It is well, occasionally, to get far enough away from the individual family tree to see the great forest of which it is but a part.

In the October 19, 1955, edition of the San Francisco *Chronicle* the distinguished columnist Royce Brier entitled his daily column, "Hoover, Truman, and the Record." The coupling together of two such distinguished but divergent individuals is a sure way to attract reader interest, but one will wonder just what the article might have to do with genealogy. To the thoughtful student, however, there is much in it pertaining to the broad aspects to which I have reference, even though genealogy is not specifically mentioned and may indeed have been far from the author's mind. And the very fact that a noted columnist has perceived how close together (in one field at least) two such normally antagonistic personalities as Mr. Hoover and Mr. Truman are, in one field at least, has to me tremendous significance.

With this in mind, permit me to quote Mr. Brier:

Herbert Hoover's acceptance of an invitation to be one of the sponsors of a Truman Library dinner in San Francisco next month offers a good example of the difference between civilization and social action.

* * * * *

Except as good Americans and as the only living men who formerly held the highest American office, Mr. Hoover and Mr. Truman superficially have nothing in common. . . . They are inveterate political antagonists. But as subjects of the Western civilization, which transcends all social philosophy and is indispensable to the lives of a third of mankind, these two men have an intense common interest.

This interest has done far more to make our civilization what it is than technological drive. It is a profound regard for the past.

The former Presidents establish historical libraries. These libraries undertake to preserve what can be known of two plunging historical periods. Hoover's related largely to the old war period, Truman's to the late war period. These two wars are great crises in the Western civilization struggle for fulfillment.

If our civilization is to live and advance, it must know about itself, why and how it has had being.

Men have built several civilizations—perhaps fifteen have survived infancy—but all excepting the Western and the Chinese are dead, and the Chinese may be dying. *The Western is the only civilization with a pervading curiosity about the past, hence about the future.**

To Egyptians and Hindus the past was a religious genesis, and the future was in heaven. Egyptian pre-occupation with immortality left records, but Egyptians did not bother with them. To the Greeks the past was Homeric mythology, and they had no concept, either of their own future, or of a whole mankind and its future. Herodotus, the historian, visiting Egypt where the remains of a great civilization were clear-cut after a thousand years, contented himself with trivial fables. His only archaeological act was to measure the Pyramids.

. . . We know more of the Greek and Egyptian civilizations than did the Romans, their immediate heirs. We know more of the Mediterranean cultures than did the learned who lived in them. The Romans

*This broad claim might be questioned by some; the important fact for our present purpose, however, is that the Western civilization has spent and is spending untold time and treasure in this field.

staggered blindly to nothing, wholly concerned with struggles of the present, incurious of past or future. Had they lived in the United States they would never have put a spade into the Inca or Mayan ruins.

Why has the Western civilization, born about 600 years ago, given us this acute sense of past and future? We do not know. . . .

In a real sense, Hoover and Truman are antiquarians—because they are Westerners. Because of this urge in them, civilized men a thousand years hence will know more of the how, why, and where of the civilization. That is, provided the civilization and its records endure. They can, of course, perish, as so many have. (The italics are mine.)

That which Mr. Brier is pleased to refer to as "this unique and acute sense of the past and future," is virtually identical with genealogy in its broad sense as I have defined it; it is at least so closely related thereto as to be hardly distinguishable. Why the interest in the past if not primarily to learn about what has happened to the human family? Why else should we be concerned with digging into the ruins of ancient Egypt, Babylonia, or even ancient America? Even the study of the rocks and streams and the flora and fauna of the world we live in centers primarily on their relationship to and effect upon human life itself. And as to the future, of what interest could it be to any of

LDS Church property on hill overlooking Oakland, California. Photo by the author.



THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

us to attempt to peer beyond the span of our own immediate lives, to spend untold time and treasure in trying to discover and to perfect things we cannot hope personally to enjoy, to conquer diseases we ourselves will always be subject to—save to make the path smoother for our posterity?

Note that Mr. Brier says he does not know *why* the Western civilization, six hundred years old, has given us this “pervading curiosity about the past, hence about the future.” And though he points out it had its beginning around six hundred years ago, he no doubt would be equally at a loss to explain why more progress has been made in this field in the past 125 years than in all preceding time.

Another interesting question suggests itself: Why did the other ancient civilizations mentioned by him decay and fall? No doubt there were many contributing factors. One, however, was common among them all, along with their disinterest in things past and future pointed out by Mr. Brier: *the decay of family life and concurrent spread of laxness in morals*; for example, it is not without significance that in Rome, so long as the family hearth was a sacred place and divorce was unknown, the nation was

strong and virile. It is worthy of note that the Chinese civilization, which has continued to persist while all the others except the Western civilization have gone into oblivion, has until now placed high value upon family ties and family life, even going to the extreme of ancestor worship. It might well be asked, has this emphasis on and filial respect for the family had something to do with the survival of Chinese culture, while other great civilizations have risen and fallen? I am so bold as to suggest that it has.

We would not have to search very hard in the field of the social sciences to find an abundance of evidence to support the proposition that the family unit is basic and plays a fundamental part in the development and preservation of civilization. Why, if this be true, should our thinking of the family unit be limited to the family-in-being, meaning those and only those who are alive at any given moment? Why should we not think of the family as a continuous chain linking together into one united whole the long ages of the past, the very fleeting present, and the immeasurable future? Such a view will go a long way toward helping us to understand the *why* of this great urge to look into the past and the future.

After all, the *present* is such an infinitely small fraction of total existence!

Although Mr. Brier does not profess to know whether this “profound regard for the past” will save our Western civilization from its present perilous position, I seem to read between his lines a feeling of hope that it will—if anything will. And certainly there is logic to support such a hope—for by study of past history it might be possible to learn how to avoid the mistakes of the past while we gain from its achievements.

This brings me back again to the unanswered question propounded by Mr. Brier—*why* this insatiable curiosity in the Western civilization which was so utterly lacking in its predecessors?

Latter-day Saints have the answer to that question: *It is all according to divine plan, foretold by prophecy, for the salvation of the human family.* The Lord knew that mankind would get so engrossed in its own lusts and passions as to become completely estranged from the great plan of salvation and would stray completely away from him, utterly forgetful of the past, completely regardless of the future, and intent only on immediate self-gratification. That in a word was

(Continued on page 206)



Early Days Of the Lord's Ministry

by Doyle L. Green

MANAGING EDITOR

AFTER STAYING briefly in Capernaum by the Sea of Galilee, Jesus and his disciples made their way south to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of the Passover.* Whether or not Jesus had observed the Passover week in the Holy City since the time he was a boy, we do not know, but we can well imagine that the road was crowded with memorics. When he was twelve, accompanied by his father and mother on the journey, every new sight was exciting to him. Then he was anxious to visit his Father's house to be taught of learned men. Now he was the teacher already recognized by many as the Messiah, and eager for the opportunity to spread the gospel message among the Passover crowds.

The Passover was the greatest occasion of the year for the children of Judah, and they came from far and near to celebrate it in the Holy City. Some writers say that the population of Jerusalem must have been swollen by from one million to two and one-half million visitors during this season. Camping in the vacant fields and on the surrounding hills, the pilgrims would visit the temple as often as they could, participate in the many festivities and ordinances, and pay their offerings to the temple treasury.

From daylight until dark the temple teemed with masses of people. Some reports indicate that the great and beautiful building, which would have covered two large city blocks as we know them, would accommodate as many as two hundred and ten thousand persons at one time. Forty-six years earlier Herod the Great had started the work of rebuilding the

temple, and it was still not completed. Following the plan of earlier temples erected on the same spot, the building was divided into a succession of "courts" which were set aside for specific functions. The first and most spacious of these courts was known as the Court of the Gentiles, or the Court of the Heathens. It was so named because anyone might enter it. But the gentiles could go no further. The Court of the Women was accessible to all Jews in good standing, while the Court of the Israelites was reserved for faithful men. Only the priests could enter the sacred inner areas.

The Court of the Gentiles was more like a bazaar than a temple, containing stalls for oxen and sheep and cages for doves and pigeons. These the temple goers would purchase for the priests to offer on the sacrificial fires. The vendors, anxious to sell their animals at a good price, proclaimed in loud voices the merits of their products.

In this court also were the tables

of the money-changers. Temple offerings were acceptable only if they were paid in the sacred temple coin—the money of the gentiles was considered as being defiled. Coins from Egypt, from Rome, or from the East had to be changed into temple money.

The money-changers, clever at their business, not only would charge the legal fee for their services, but also would add to their profits by overcharging, shortchanging, and otherwise cheating the pilgrims. Imagine all of this taking place in the confines of the Holy Temple!

When Jesus looked upon these revolting scenes and saw the confusion, the filth, the selling, the haggling, and the cheating that was defiling his Father's house, righteous indignation grew within him. Lashing a whip which he had made from small cords, he set loose the animals and drove men and beasts before him through the court and out of the gates into the streets of the city. The tables of the money-changers he overturned; their coins he scattered over the floor. Of the dove sellers he demanded, "Take these things hence; make not my Father's house an house of merchandise."

What a commotion! One can picture the money-changers scrambling for their coins as they spilled over the floor, snatching up what they could get and then running for safety; the keepers of the animals scampering after their beasts to prevent them from getting lost in the crowds.

The astonished temple visitors must have pressed against the walls and around the pillars, safely out of the way of the running animals and the lashing whip, but straining to see what manner of man this was. And the priests, hearing the din, must have pushed their way through the

*Drawings by Major Benton Fletcher, from Lionel Cust's *Jerusalem: A Historical Sketch*, published by A. & C. Black, Ltd., London.

*Scriptural references in this article are from John 3, 4.



—Painting by Carl Bloch

Jesus Cleansing the Temple.

crowds to locate the cause of the excitement. Such an occurrence had never before been witnessed in the long history of the temple, yet no one dared attempt to stop the Man of Galilee.

After it was all over, and undoubtedly in the presence of an enormous crowd that gathered around, the temple priests asked Jesus by what authority he had done these things. His clothes alone showed that he was not a priest or a Pharisee or a member of the ruling body of the Jews, the Sanhedrin. The very nature of the question and the tone of their voices must have indicated that he had committed such a grievous offense that he might have to pay for it with his life.

Jesus knew that these people would one day kill him, but he also knew he had power over the grave. Thinking of his death and resurrection, he said, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up." The priests were concerned with the great

building in which they were standing. Such a statement was an insult!

"Forty and six years was this temple in building," they mocked, "and wilt thou rear it up in three days?" Whether or not Jesus made a reply we know not, but evidently no charges were pressed against him.

The cleansing of the temple spread the fame of the Savior widely over the land, and undoubtedly within a few days every Jew in Palestine had heard the story.

While in the Holy City Jesus did many remarkable works which are not mentioned in the Bible. John says, "Now when he was in Jerusalem at the Passover, in the feast day, many believed in his name, when they saw the miracles which he did."

Among those who believed Jesus to be the Messiah were certain leaders of the Jews. One of these was a man by the name of Nicodemus, a Pharisee and member of the Sanhedrin. The teachings and the miracles performed by the Savior appealed to

him, and he sought out Jesus to declare his belief and to be further instructed. A man of importance and standing in his community, he seemingly wanted to keep his actions secret for fear of what his friends and associates might say; in any event, his visit was made at night.

Approaching Jesus he said: "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him."

It would appear from the account that the conversation may not be reported in full, but if it is, Jesus wasted no time in getting to the point, for John reports him as answering, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Born again? Nicodemus did not understand. "How can a man be born when he is old?" he asked. "Can he enter a second time into his mother's womb, and be born?"

Jesus answered, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Then he explained, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh: and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."

Nicodemus may have looked surprised for Jesus continued: "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." We hear the wind blow, he explained, yet we cannot see it. Perhaps he was telling this learned man that not everything can be understood in the light of earthly knowledge, that some things have to be accepted on faith. For the first time in recorded scripture, Jesus was preaching what he demonstrated when he was baptized of John in the Jordan River.

Jesus then predicted his crucifixion and briefly reviewed the plan of salvation with the words:

"And as Moses lifted up the servant in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

"That whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have eternal life.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

"For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but

(Continued on following page)

Early Days of the Lord's Ministry

(Continued from preceding page)

that the world through him might be saved."

Those who do not believe in the Son of God, he explained, shall be condemned, because they love darkness rather than light, and evil rather than good.

The account ends abruptly and we do not know whether or not this young ruler understood, but it is evident that he was unwilling to take the chance of losing his position in society by openly declaring his belief and following the Master.

From Bethlehem Jesus went with his disciples "into the land of Judea; and there he tarried with them, and baptized." At this same time, John the Baptist was preaching and "baptizing in Aenon near to Salim, because there was much water there."

Not completely understanding John's position as a forerunner of the Christ, some of the followers of John were somewhat disturbed as news continued to reach them of the success Jesus was having and the great numbers that were coming to him for baptism. The question even arose between them and some of the people with whom they talked as to which baptism was right, John's or Jesus'.

Expressing their concern to John they said, "Rabbi, he that was with thee beyond Jordan, to whom thou bearest witness, behold, the same baptizeth, and all men come to him."

John's answer showed his greatness, his fervent testimony, and how deeply and sincerely he was devoted to the work of the Lord. There was nothing but love in his heart as he replied:

"A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven."

"Ye yourselves bear me witness, that I said, I am not the Christ, but that I am sent before him."

He compared the situation to a wedding in which Jesus was the groom and he, John, was the best man. He loved Jesus so much that he rejoiced just to hear his voice. His joy was full in his humble assignment.

"He must increase," John explained, "but I must decrease."

"The Father loveth the Son," he said, "and hath given all things unto his hand."

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." The Baptist was well chosen for his work.

As humble as John was in his calling, he was bold, fearless, and outspoken in denouncing sin and wrongdoing wherever he found it. Even the ruler of Galilee and Peraea, Herod Antipas, was condemned by John for his sins.

Antipas believed John to be a just and holy man and listened to much of the advice that the prophet gave him. But when Antipas left his wife for Herodias, who had been married to his brother, John publicly and privately condemned him for living in adultery. Even then Antipas may have accepted the condemnation of the prophet, knowing it was justified. Herodias, however, who seemingly had inherited much of the cruelty of her great-grandfather, Herod the Great, sought to have John killed. When she was unsuccessful, she influenced her husband to have the prophet put where his voice could not be heard.

It was a sad day for this brave and faithful prophet when he was dragged off to the borders of Moab, on the far southern end of the domain of Antipas, and there imprisoned in a fort set atop a rocky and barren hill. A heap of ruins some six miles east of the Dead Sea, today marks this place where John the Baptist lived during the last months of his life.

Soon after Jesus learned that John was in prison, he and his disciples left Judea to return to Galilee. We do not know the route that was taken on many of his journeys, but on this occasion, rather than going through the Jordan valley, Jesus decided to go through the land of Samaria.

We will remember that the pious Jews avoided traveling in this country when they could. Feelings between the Jews and the Samaritans had been growing until, unfortunately, they had reached the point of hatred. The trouble had started almost a thousand years earlier when the kingdom of Israel was first divided. Later the Assyrians conquered the northern kingdom, carried many of the people away, replacing them with strangers. In time these strangers mixed with the Israelites, and even though their

religion was similar to that of the Jews, they had many serious differences.

One of the important landmarks on the road through Samaria is Jacob's Well, located near the town of Sychar. Here the father of the twelve tribes of Israel had bought some ground, some of which he had given to his son, Joseph, and here Jacob had lived for a time. Consequently, the place was sacred to all of the children of Israel.

It was the "sixth hour," or about noon, that Jesus and his fellow travelers reached the well. The Savior, weary from the journey, stayed there to rest while his disciples went into the city to buy some food. While they were gone a woman came to the well to draw some water. An ordinary Jew would not have spoken to this person, first of all because she was a woman, and secondly because she was a Samaritan. But the message of the gospel was for all people, so to engage her in conversation Jesus asked for a drink.

Her answer was what we would have expected: "How is it that thou, being a Jew, asks drink of me, which am of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans."

Jesus replied, "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

The woman, not understanding, asked where he would obtain living water, as he had no jar or rope to draw from the deep well. "Art thou greater than our father, Jacob," she asked, "which gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle?"

Jesus answered, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again:

"But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

"Sir, give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw," the woman asked.

Jesus then asked the woman to go and bring her husband, but she said, "I have no husband."

Jesus answered, "Thou hast well said, I have no husband:

"For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not

thy husband: in that saidst thou truly."

The woman, astounded that this man could tell her of her past, said, "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet." After a brief discussion, the woman said, "I know that Messias cometh, which is called Christ: when he is come, he will tell us all things."

Jesus answered, "I that speak unto thee am he."

This ended the conversation, for just at this time the disciples returned. They were amazed that Jesus was talking with a woman, but no one asked him why he was doing so.

The woman, however, quickly left the scene, and hurrying into the city told the people, "Come, see a man, which told me all things that I ever did: is not this the Christ?"

Meanwhile, the disciples offered food to Jesus, saying, "Master, eat."

But, contemplating the greatness of his Father's work, he said he had meat that they knew not of. The disciples wondered if someone else had brought food, but the Savior added: "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

"And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."

"And herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth."

"I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours."

Many of the people of the city, when they heard the story of the woman, believed that Jesus was the Christ, went to the well to see him, and pleaded with him to stay and teach them. This he did, remaining in the city among the Samaritans for two days.

"And many more believed because of his own word;

"And said unto the woman, Now we believe, not because of thy saying: for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

After the two days were over, Jesus and his disciples returned to Galilee.

(To be continued)

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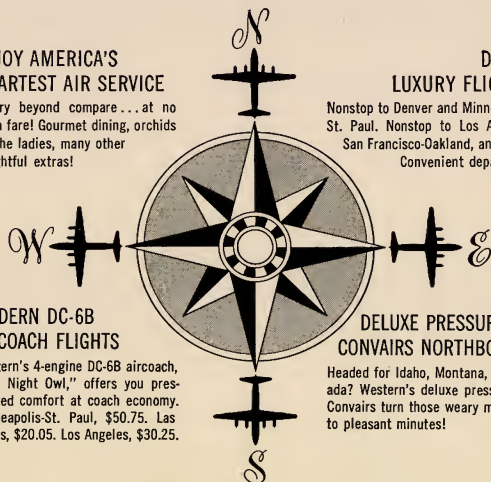
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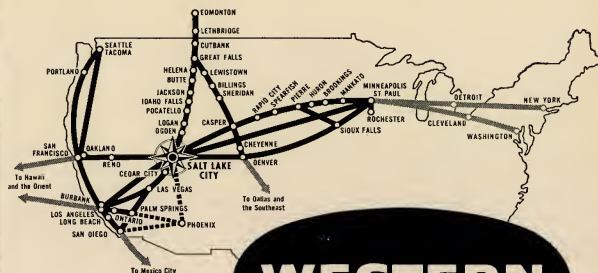


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“... Think it possible that
you may be mistaken”

Richard L. Evans

LAST WEEK we quoted from Cromwell a single searching sentence: “I beseech you . . . think it possible that you may be mistaken.”¹ We applied it then to being mistaken in misjudging men. Today we should like to apply it to the possibility of misjudging other matters. Searching men, with searching minds, are constantly penetrating into unknown areas and discovering much that modifies the theories and hypotheses of the past. And where there are so many unanswered questions, so much as yet undiscovered, so much as yet unrevealed, a closed mind can be neither comfortable nor condoned. The Lord God has not told us all he knows—nor have the minds of men as yet discovered the complete or ultimate answers concerning men, or mind, or matter. But still there is sometimes conceit where there is a little learning. And when a person has learned more, by comparison, than another person, sometimes a little learning seems like a lot of learning. But conceit of learning is unbecoming any man—and all men—for there is no field of knowledge in which any man can be sure he has arrived at the ultimate and absolute answer; there is no one who has reached the ultimate in any area of endeavor. This suggests again some questions that could be asked of all who are dictatorial in teaching, of all who are overly positive in opinion: Who knows of a textbook that will not be revised? Who knows of a process that will not be improved? Who knows of a theory that may not be modified or abandoned? Who knows how the world was made? Who knows how life came to be? Who knows how a single living cell becomes an eye, or a tooth, or a wondrous functioning physical form? Who knows how the body heals itself? Who knows the source of the instinct of animals? As the voice asked of Job so many centuries ago: “Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts?”² Who knows all the answers? Who knows what visions of the great beyond the prophets have seen and left unsaid? Who knows what man will yet discover, or when the Lord God will further reveal his mind and will? He does not expect us to know all the answers—not now. But he expects a mind open to truth, and a teachable spirit, and a willingness to learn, to seek, to search with freedom and with faith. He expects us also to use the truth we have—and to keep his commandments. And as to the theories and tentative teachings of men: he expects us to know that we may be mistaken—and to avoid conceit of learning—and walk humbly with him who keeps creation in its course.

¹Quoted in *Unpopular Essays*, Bertrand Russell.

²Job 38:36.

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MIA Youth Conference

(Concluded from page 149)

man. His humor and heartwarming manner brought the audience close to him and made his message exceptionally forceful and effective. His afternoon address dealt with experiences in Palestine along the theme: "Where there's a will, there's a way."

Other special features of the Sunday meetings were the presentation of Individual Awards to approximately twenty young women from the Augsburg, Esslingen, Frankfurt, and Munich branches; four Silver Gleaner Awards to girls in the Frankfurt Branch; and an Honorary Master M Man award to the first counselor in the mission presidency, Brother Rudolf A. Noss, in acknowledgment of his work with and for the young people of the West German Mission during his twenty years of service to the Church. Music was furnished in the morning session by the Frankfurt District choir and in the afternoon session by the combined choirs of the Munich and Stuttgart districts. Special quartet and solo numbers were rendered by missionaries serving in West Germany.

Sunday evening, a 200-voice chorus, representing young members from branches all over the mission, furnished an inspiring musical program under the direction of Elder Newel Kay Brown from Salt Lake City. Guest artists were Elder David J. Dalton, violinist; Sister Lucretia Ferre, soprano soloist from Salt Lake

Flower girl, Helga Mettlich of Frankfurt, Germany, passes roses to Honor Girls during Honor Girls Dance at Gold and Green Ball.



Charlette Yelitto of Darmstadt, Germany, was selected as Queen of Gold and Green Ball.

City who was doing concert work in Europe; and Sister Edelgard Hainke, pianist, who was also in Europe doing concert work. A missionary quartet furnished several special numbers.

Monday, July 30, began early with an MIA officers meeting, which later separated into departmental sessions for dance, speech, drama, music, and sports. The early afternoon was devoted to instruction courses for leaders of the various classes in the MIA and then at 3:30 a series of educational films was shown. The young people who had been engaged in sport activities during the day were encouraged to do some sightseeing in the interesting city of Wiesbaden late in the afternoon.

The evening's entertainment was also the culmination of many days and weeks of script writing, rehearsals, and preparation. The theme for the evening was "Characteristics of Each Country." This was carried out through musical numbers, short skits, and a miniature opera.

An outing was scheduled for Tuesday, July 31, in the beautiful Taunus Mountains. Despite some interference from the weather, a good time was had by the 550 participants. A picnic completed the day, and the German people found it quite a novelty to eat little white things they had never seen before—marshmallows.

Everyone was up by 5 a.m. Wednesday morning for a Rhine River cruise. This provided a day of relaxation and quiet fun on board a 700-passenger river boat. The weather was clear, and the picturesque ancient castles and the hills terraced by fruitful vineyards which border the Rhine on each side made it a photographer's paradise. This was a memorable day for the young people of the West German Mission, and the crewmen aboard the river boat will also remember it for a long time because, as was said by one of them: "This is the first time we've ever been up the Rhine without selling even one package of cigarets or a bottle of beer."

The group returned home a little tired but very happy. After a refreshing night's sleep they began their journey homeward by train, motorcycle, car, or bicycle, greatly built up through having renewed many acquaintances, having made new friends, having enjoyed the highest type of fun and entertainment, and having felt the spirit of the Lord in the inspiring meetings they attended. As the 1956 annual MIA conference of the West German Mission came to a close, talk about new ideas and plans for the 1957 conference began to fill the air.

These Times

(Continued from page 134)

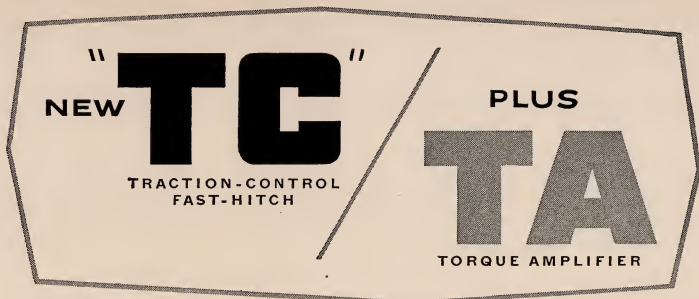
pulled and used by British and French influence for British and French purposes. This will irritate all parties concerned, including the Middle Eastern countries themselves.

2. *Irritating the Arab States and Israel.* Egypt, no less than Syria, other Arab states, and Israel, is extremely sensitive about its "sovereignty" and "independence." The Arab states will not welcome American intervention. We did not welcome the well-meaning Citizen Genet of France who used US ports and cities for French purposes in 1791 before Washington severed the French alliance. In the Arab world the British and French have used key personnel familiar with Arabic language, culture, and religion—and have failed. Americans are even less favorably equipped to deal with these sensitive, newly independent states. They know our western allies need their oil and

(Concluded on page 176)

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(Concluded from page 174)

resources. They know that the Eisenhower Doctrine, although silent on the subject, is keenly concerned with the two-thirds of the world's oil which lies in the Middle East, and with the strategic Suez waterway which makes movement of the oil possible.

3. *Irritating India and other neutralist states.* The Afro-Asian bloc with twenty-six votes is a major policy influence in the United Nations. They will not welcome any show of American power as the heir and successor to their former British and French overlords.

4. *Reviving the cold war with Russia.* Russia has already met with her central European satellites and condemned the Eisenhower Doctrine as a "threat to peace." The meeting occurred in Budapest, January 1-4, 1957, and has had overtones since. But the real threat to a renewal of the cold war lies in the Middle East itself, especially in Egypt, Israel, Syria, and Jordan. Colonel Nasser travels to Moscow on an official visit this year. Egypt, Syria, and Jordan have the jitters about the military strength of Israel, who, rightly or wrongly, they fear as a trigger-happy aggressor. A major feature of the Eisenhower Doctrine is the promise of economic and military American aid. Promised only on request and as a protection against "Communist aggression," it is transparent on the face of the policy that if Egypt requests tanks and planes from the US and receives them, and remains "sovereign," it could also utilize its new-found posture of military strength as a counterbalance against Israel, and vice versa. In other words, involvement in the Middle East, even within the specific terms of the Eisenhower Doctrine as announced January 5, 1957, means that the United States (or the United Nations with the US backing it to the hilt) has taken on the job of keeping peace between Israel and the Arab states.

5. *Posing new hazards for Mr. Eisenhower and the Republican party at home.* The Democrats are in control of Congress. Mr. Sam Rayburn and Mr. Lyndon Johnson, two Democrats from Texas, lead the House and the Senate, respectively. They will follow a successful Eisenhower leadership. But just as patriotic Republicans turned on Mr. Truman over Korea, so patriotic Democrats can stir up plenty of difficulty for Mr. Eisenhower if things do not go smoothly.

Mr. Eisenhower finds himself the first President in American history to operate in office with the handicap of the Twenty-second amendment to the Constitution of the United States. He is now a "lame duck" President. Whether

a "lame duck" president can retain sufficient vigor in the administration to ensure successful manipulation of these complicated policies will shortly be observable. It can be said for Mr. Eisenhower that he has an extremely good chance to do so. The weight of experience, popularity, and national good feeling has been with him. He also has the advantage of a recent phenomenon in American politics, a working Vice President. It may well be that one result of the Twenty-second Amendment in the next four years will be to elevate the vice presidency, in the hands of a young man, to a new role of importance beyond anything yet seen. The Twenty-second Amendment, in these times, may be the means of giving the American republic not only a working vice presidency, but also a four-year apprenticeship for the presidency. What this means to the Democratic party, which is in control of Congress but which does not have a leader-apparent for 1960, will not be lost on the Democrats. The years 1957 through 1960 will see the Democratic party doing their very best to "run against" Mr. Nixon, while attempting to build up their own potential candidate or candidates for the presidency in 1960 (when President Eisenhower loses his constitutional eligibility). This factor poses real hazards for President Eisenhower and the Republican leadership in launching the "doctrine" and underlines the importance of the President's phrase

in delivering the message: *Under these circumstances I deem it necessary to seek the co-operation of the Congress;*" likewise his appeal "to manifest again our national unity in support of freedom and to show our deep respect for the rights and independence of every nation."

President Eisenhower's statement has put the world on notice that the United States intends to use its economic and military strength to maintain peace, including peace in the Middle East. The Sixth Fleet, stationed in the Mediterranean, is already the strongest armed force in the area. The President's declaration lets the world know that the Sixth Fleet is there on business, that there is more power where that came from, that our main business notwithstanding is peace, and that we are willing to support the aspirations of the peoples of that area for independence and "sovereignty." The "irritations" described are likely to be absorbed and cushioned within this framework.

The policy is a bold and courageous step. It is based on the same kind of sense that underlies the thought expressed by Robert Frost, that "good fences make good neighbors." The Eisenhower Doctrine proposes to build no US fences in the Middle East. They are to be built by the nations there. But we are saying we want "no trespassing" in the area, and if those states want our help in preventing trespassers, we are available for assistance.

Woman of Courage

(Continued from page 165)

District, following her successful three years' work as Primary Supervisor in that area. She tells in her own words of her appointment:

"Superintendent Alonzo Huntsman was responsible for my appointment as Primary Supervisor. It happened like this—early one spring morning he came to our school in Sugarville and said he came to talk to us. He told us that the Board of Education had voted to hire a Primary Supervisor and that he was to recommend the candidates. He suggested two or three names but said he had a local teacher in mind for the job and proceeded to describe her in such glowing terms that I had no idea that he was talking about me. When he told me, I was so surprised and shocked that I was at a loss for words. He asked me if I could qualify, and I told him I didn't think so. Glen said,

'Of course you can.' Superintendent Huntsman went immediately to the phone and called Salt Lake City. They told him that I was qualified for a supervisory certificate.

"The little success I achieved as a supervisor was due largely to Superintendent Huntsman. He was a man of great enthusiasm and marked ability."

A second time tragedy struck, although it was not readily recognized at the time. Deta noticed a tremor in her left hand. When the doctor was consulted, he said that she had been working too hard and needed rest. Deta resigned her position and, after a summer vacation of rest, entered Utah State Agricultural College to continue her studies. She received her Bachelor of Science degree in 1932 and her Master of Science in 1933. During this period the tremor

(Continued on page 178)

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Woman of Courage

(Continued from page 176)

became more pronounced and increasingly more painful, but the doctors were still at a loss to understand what caused the difficulty.

The Macmillan Company, a publishing house of international renown, engaged Deta to demonstrate their Gates-Heuber Readers in Montana, Idaho, and Utah. She was exceptionally successful in this work, in spite of the fact that her condition was steadily worsening. The tremor, instead of improving, had extended into her arm, rendering it almost entirely useless.

When at the end of summer in 1934, Deta and Glen planned to enroll in the graduate school at the University of California, they were required to take physical entrance examinations. This examination revealed Deta's illness. Specialists who checked her condition pronounced her disease Parkinson's Paralysis, and one of them suggested that instead of attending school she spend the rest of her life having a good time. She was given six months to live.

Instead of discouraging Deta, this stirred her to a new determination to earn her doctorate in education, which she achieved in 1937. By this time the tremor had progressed to both arms, and a tremor was also noticeable in her legs. With true courage, she concealed the seriousness of her affliction to such an extent that her major professor, Dr. George C. Kyte, insisted she accept an offer as professor of elementary education at Eastern Illinois State Teachers College. The University of Toledo likewise asked her to accept an associate professorship in their school of education. Professor C. E. Rugh later said, "Thinking that perhaps she was waiting for a California offer we unearthed an excellent position; but before she had time to turn this position down, quite by accident, we learned the real reason for her seeming lack of enthusiasm over her professional career. . . . She had planned for years to secure her doctorate; and nothing could turn her from her purpose. Furthermore, she was determined to get it purely on merit and not on sympathy; and for that reason we were kept in ignorance of the facts."

How ironical it must have seemed to find herself at the threshold of

her desires—a goal toward which she had struggled with such a terrific handicap—and feel that she dared not accept the responsibility of such a position while her health was so precarious. She might fail those who hired her or those who enrolled in her classes if she undertook this assignment.

She and Glen made the long trip back to the Mayo Clinic, hoping against hope that the doctors there might be enabled to give her some assistance or relief. At the clinic, it was the same story—there was no cure; there were a few drugs that would alleviate the pain somewhat. But there was nothing that would halt the steady progress of the crippling disease.

Because Deta knew how her family would react to this disheartening news, she planned a way in which she could make the blow easier. She thought of every interesting and funny incident or anecdote that had happened while she was undergoing the examination in the clinic and wrote it for their amusement. This, she hoped, would take the sting from their sorrow, would help heal their grief.

Even now, unable to care for herself and her beloved Glen, she still responds to the humor of every situation. She deliberately seeks the fun out of life. Her eyes twinkle as Glen tells some of the stories that her whisper prompts him to relate. She chuckles over the response of those who listen. Deta's humor has always been her saving grace.

Even with her last hope shattered, Deta would not capitulate. What could she do? Where could she turn? Then the thought came to her: She could make use of her teaching experience, of her supervisory work, of her diligent study. Difficult as it was to type, she wrote several articles on educational subjects and made a number of studies in the field of education. These works were eagerly published by such journals as the *California Elementary School Journal*, the *Utah Educational Review*, *Elementary School Journal*, *Administration and Supervision*, and many other educational publications.

As the disease progressed, it became increasingly difficult for Deta to type, since it required extreme exertion to force her fingers to obey

(Concluded on page 180)

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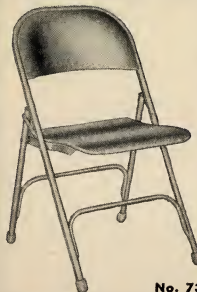
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Woman of Courage

(Concluded from page 178)

her will on the keyboard. She therefore employed a stenographer and continued her work by dictation. When the disease finally attacked her vocal organs, she was no longer able to dictate to a stenographer. Determined to continue her work, she purchased an especially designed dictaphone which could be attached to her head in such a way that she could talk directly into the mouthpiece. Even this was difficult, for she could speak into this dictaphone for only a few minutes at a time. At length her voice became so weak that she could not speak loudly enough for her voice to register on the records. It was then that her husband Glen gave up his work and listened to her whispered dictation and transcribed for her. The last two of her Book of Mormon series for children, as well as the *Story of the Pearl of Great Price* and *Jesus of Nazareth* have been written directly on the typewriter by Glen from Deta's dictation.

In evaluating her children's books it is enough to state what one of her reviewers said: "Even before Dr. Neeley completed her work here at the University, she had made and published an extensive study regarding children's vocabularies which will, I believe, go down in educational history as one of the pioneer studies in the field."

The pain-wracked body of Deta Neeley has been controlled by a driving mind and a consistent insistence that the body is subservient to the spirit.

Her diligence would put to shame a person who did not struggle with the handicaps which she has so valiantly overcome. She has published four volumes for children on the fourth grade level concerning the Book of Mormon: *The Journey to the Promised Land*, *The Precious Land of Promise*, *The Land of Their Inheritance*, and *The Savior Comes to the Promised Land*. In addition she has written *A Child's Story of the Pearl of Great Price*, and her latest book to come from the press within the year, *Jesus of Nazareth*, based on the four Gospels, and again written for the young folk whom Deta loves.

Even that is not all, for when Deta was asked what her next book will be, her lips formed the word *Paul*,

and her eyes sparkled with this new challenge to her fertile mind.

For Deta Neeley sleep is a precious boon, but sleep is often denied her. She, however, will not complain; during the long hours when sleep eludes Deta, she plans her work—and even plots mystery stories which are much more than mere thrillers because she has a psychological background that makes these worth-while ventures.

To Deta Neeley, life, each precious moment of it, has always been a great adventure, something to be lived to the full capacity of which she is capable. And in spite of a body that refuses to do her will, she has a mind that squeezes from life each full drop of joy and creativity.

The story of Deta and Glen Neeley is a difficult one to write, yet the challenge it contains is one that should come to all. In their little

home, first used as a summer home, lies one of the tremendous stories of our time.

Patriarch James A. Walton of Tremonton said that Deta is one of the greatest miracles of our time to have produced what she has in spite of her great affliction.

That, in spite of almost overwhelming disaster, Deta Neeley and her husband Glen Neeley have made a beautiful life is evidenced by visiting them in their home. As one friend said, "Their life may have been difficult; but it has never been dull." Life is the great adventure to both members of this household. They have truly become one—and to praise Deta is to praise Glen, too—for these two have indeed shown the world what can be accomplished when the spirit of man and woman will not be defeated.

The Richest Girl in Town

(Continued from page 162)

men. Meredith called, "Hi, Dad." Mike smiled, "Good evening, sir."

Carl Braden merely nodded curtly. They sat down at a table by the window and Mike looked at the menu. Steaks \$4. Mike ordered steak and French fries and pie. The food was good, and Mike ate hungrily, and then as he paid the waitress he saw Carl Braden watching him, contempt in his eyes, and Mike could not quench the feeling of shame.

"Let's dance, Mike," Meredith was smiling at him, and he thought, But I can get used to that. He had always been proud that he paid his own way, but he hadn't tonight!

"Will you give me a date next Thursday?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I'd like that. What time shall I pick you up?"

"This is my date!" He said it almost harshly. "We're going on a picnic. Could you meet me at The Hut across from the hospital?"

"I'll bring the lunch, Mike, and—"

"I bring the lunch, Meredith!"

She smiled. "Okay, Mike."

Wednesday he saw Jo in the hallway. "A gang of us are going swimming tomorrow. Come along?"

"Sorry, Jo, but I can't make it."

The supervisor came by then, and there wasn't a chance to say anything else and he didn't see Jo again.

Payday was Thursday. He bought potato salad and hot dogs and buns and soda pop and carried them in a large paper bag. Meredith was waiting for him at The Hut. She was wearing levi's and a plaid shirt and her long hair was in pigtails. She looked more long-legged than ever and very young.

They took a bus out into the country and then walked a mile to Trapper's Lake. There was nothing spectacular about the day. They walked along the beach and found shells, and Meredith tied them in a handkerchief to her belt. They rolled their trouser legs up and waded into the lake. When they were hungry, Mike built a fire, and they roasted hot dogs which tasted wonderful.

He looked at Meredith sitting barefooted and cross-legged, munching a hot dog. "Your nose is going to blister," he told her.

"I don't care. I've always wanted a blistered nose." She pushed a lock of hair out of her eyes and laughed. And then she said seriously, "Mike, this is the nicest date I have ever had in my life."

Mike took the charm bracelet out

of his pocket and handed it to her. "Happy birthday, Meredith."

She took the bracelet, her head bent, and when she looked up tears were clinging to her long lashes. "It's beautiful, Mike."

He fastened it around her wrist. "I had it the night of your party, but I lost courage when I saw the platinum and diamonds."

"You needn't have!" she said bitterly. "Those were presents from people trying to get in Dad's good graces. That's the way it has been all my life, Mike. I'd think I had found a friend, and then I would discover it wasn't me he liked, but what I could buy or do for him. But this—" she held her arm up and the bracelet sparkled in the sun. "You've given it to me because you like me, not because of anything Dad can do for you."

Mike's heart beat guiltily. He picked up a handful of pebbles and tossed them angrily into the lake.

On the long ride back to the city, Meredith sat close to him happily, the handkerchief of shells tied to her belt. Mike felt comfortable with her. He looked at his watch. "There won't be time to take you home."

"That's all right, Mike. I'll ride with you to the hospital."

They stopped in at The Hut for a soda, and as they got up to leave, Jo came in. Mike introduced her to Meredith. He saw the anger in Jo's eyes too late.

"So this is why you couldn't go swimming with the gang!" she said. "But then there is nothing quite so important to a poor but ambitious young doctor as seeing that his future is secure."

"What are you talking about? Mike's future—" Meredith's voice choked off. "Oh..."

Mike said, "Shut up, Jo! You've said enough!"

Meredith swung around and faced him. "No, let her talk!"

Jo was suddenly contrite. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything."

"But you were telling the truth!" Meredith's eyes were brimming with tears. She took off the bracelet and dropped it on the counter. She walked out of The Hut, her head high.

Mike picked up the bracelet, remembering how happy Meredith had been when he gave it to her. "I'm sorry, Mike," Jo was saying. "I went a bit crazy with jealousy."

(Concluded on following page)

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The Richest Girl in Town

(Concluded from preceding page)

"It's okay, Jo," he said wryly, "You were only telling the truth."

They walked in silence back to the hospital. Jo was on night duty, Mike in emergency. They parted in the lower hall. "See you later, Mike?"

He didn't answer. He had a lot of thinking to do before he saw Jo or Meredith again. At 4 a.m. Mike went outside for a breath of air, and Jo was waiting for him. "Please say you forgive me, Mike."

"You know, Jo, I never realized it before, but we are very much alike, you and I."

"What do you mean?"

"We both know what we want, and we go after it."

She gave a little laugh. "Is there anything wrong with that?"

Before he could answer, he heard the wail of an ambulance siren in the distance. He rushed back into the hospital, and all the time he was setting bones and patching torn bodies he was thinking of his father and of Jo loving him and wanting the same easy life he had wanted. And he thought of Meredith, the way she had been at the lake today. When seven o'clock came and he was off duty, he knew what he was going to do.

Carl Braden looked more formidable than ever seated behind the large desk in his library. He said, "I was expecting you, Dr. Gregory."

"Then I'll get to the point. I want to marry Meredith."

"That would be a nice setup for you, wouldn't it?"

"Very nice," Mike said. "You see, sir, my father was a country doctor. He died penniless. I was determined not to have that happen to me, so I made up my mind to marry the richest girl in town and use her money to get a start. Meredith is the richest girl in town."

"At least you're frank!" the big man said bitterly. "Listen, Gregory, I know Meredith is in love with you, and if marrying you is the thing that will make her happy, I'll give my consent, but don't think I don't know the score. And if you don't make her happy, I'll—"

"For awhile that was all I thought of," Mike went on, as if Braden had not spoken. "The struggle my father had. But there was something else I had forgotten. When my father was buried, the whole town turned

out to do him honor. They walked behind his coffin to the cemetery with uncovered heads. He was a beloved man, a happy man whose life had been spent in service. My father was a rich man, and he left me a heritage that is going to be difficult to be worthy of."

"And so?"

"I'm going back to Ebbensville to practise. I want to marry Meredith and take her with me. And the reason I came to see you was to tell you to keep hands off. I don't want one penny of your money. Meredith will have to live on what I earn."

Carl Braden sat forward, and there was respect in his eyes. "And you think she will agree to that?"

Mike said softly, "I'm hoping I can make her believe I love her, sir."

"Go ask her then. She's out in the garden."

"And if she says yes, you'll keep hands off?"

"I'll keep hands off. Good luck!"

Meredith was on her knees in the garden, trowel in hand. Mike said, "Meredith. . ."

She turned her head, and his heart gave a surge of hope at the look of gladness in her eyes, and then it was

gone. She stood up. "What do you want?"

"Your father has just given his consent to our marriage."

"Does he know you're marrying me for my money?"

"He knows everything."

"And still he consented!" Her mouth trembled. "He thinks he can buy me anything, even a husband. Well, I've got something to say—"

He caught her in his arms. "Listen to me, Meredith. I told your father he had to disinherit you or the deal was off. I love you, and I'm asking you to be the wife of a country doctor. We'll be lucky if we can afford a two-room apartment above a garage, and you'll have to make curtains and scrub floors—"

He stopped, the enormity of what he was asking of her sweeping over him. "I can't ask you to live like that when—"

She threw her arms around his neck. "You asked me to marry you, Dr. Michael Gregory, and that's what you've got to do!" Over her shoulder he saw Carl Braden standing in the doorway.

Mike had the feeling that Braden didn't hate doctors so much anymore.

My Sister Anna

(Continued from page 153)

and showed us how to classify flowers into families. We said *Roseaceas* for the rose family and *Dianthus Barbatus* for the Sweet Williams. The big words rolled off our tongues like nobody's business, and that is the way I learned about the bees and the flowers.

We took to Latin, too. We could say "The lazy farmer," and "All Gaul is divided into three parts," and rattle off the conjugation of "*amo, amas, amat*," all of which I can still do, although the three years' work for which I received college credit in Latin has long since slipped out of my memory.

One summer we all had such fun going "bugging." Anna had to have a collection of one hundred specimens—insecta—for her biology course, so we took long-handled nets and a cyanide jar and sallied forth over hill and dale in a regular Don Quixote fashion to ride down and capture bugs. The neighbors thought we

were crazy, racing through the pasture, frightening the cows, and waving our nets as we struck at the illusive blue-gauzies (dragonflies) that never did light and had to be snared in flight.

Hunting in the woods was different. Here we stood still in our tracks waiting while wild, woodsy, black butterflies dipped and rose and finally lighted in range of the net that closed quickly and quietly over the fluttering wings.

On such excursions we usually took a lunch, and as we rested in the deep shade and ate our popcorn or apples and examined our take, there were more stories—perhaps Aeneas and Dido or *The Tragedy of Macbeth* to soothe our little breasts.

Anna taught us to draw from nature with true perspective, as she had learned to do in sketching class. We made receding railroad tracks, barns, bridges, and blocks. We practised the art of public speaking and could recite "O Young Lochinvar has come

out of the West," mimicking all the members of our sister's elocution class, for Anna was critical of people and held up their pretense and sham for mimicry and scorn.

After finishing the normal school she taught again until she could save enough money to go to the state university. This opened up even more wonderful things for all of us and set a precedent for us to follow. The magic of *sines* and *cosines*, of bubbling test tubes and musty archives became living drama and adventure through Anna's interpretation. When she graduated, she was elected to Phi Beta Kappa—an honor she had not even consciously striven for.

With so much high-mindedness, you might know she wanted her clothes plain and practical. She scorned the fussy furbelows of men-minded women and gave the beaux the go-by. Nevertheless, she was attractive, with her head held high in a Portia-like pose.

But the story does not end here. Anna had one persistent suitor. He waited patiently for seven years while she took her fling. I remember the evening he brought her to a decision. It was one Christmas vacation. He had come thirty miles through the snow (a long way in horse and buggy days).

My mother never let anything stand in the way of a possible match for her four grown daughters. Now all were happily married except Anna, and everyone predicted she would be an old maid. I remember how, after a good supper with cold chicken and chocolate they meandered into the parlor where a fire had been set and everything put in readiness for this important occasion.

Even upstairs, my bedroom radiated a little of the parlor warmth through the open ventilator. I put my car to the grate. I was getting anxious for Anna, too. I was old enough by this time to know that one could not live on learning alone. At least none of the heroines in the storybooks ever did.

Muffled through the grate came words that, loosely interpreted, were, "It's going to be now or never, old dear."

Anna must have been caught off her guard after an extra hard term of teaching. She said meekly, "Let's make it now, Arthur."

So she resigned from her school,
(Concluded on following page)

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My Sister Anna

(Concluded from preceding page)

and they were wed. She bought herself a cookbook, subscribed for a homemakers' magazine and went about her householder's tasks with the same zeal she had had for college. She organized a music class and taught in the Sunday School and took pride in copping blue ribbons at the county fair on quilting or embroidery or canned fruit. Just like the stories she used to tell always ended, "She lived happily ever after."

You Also Can Serve

(Continued from page 152)

your children, recording family facts gained through correspondence with others. Letter writing opens up new worlds for you, gives you things to anticipate, short visits to enjoy through written pages from those whom you hold dear.

Visit hospitals and convalescent homes regularly and write letters for the many patients who are unable to write. Send cheer cards to the sick of the neighborhood or shut-ins of the ward. Help address Church bulletins, and help in the ward enlistment programs. Keep a list of boys in the service from the ward and see that they receive Church publications regularly.

✓ 7. HELP WITH COMMUNITY PROJECTS

Serve on worth-while committees of the Red Cross, Community Chest, United Fund, March of Dimes, etc. Take an interest in civic projects in which you believe and work hard for their development.

✓ 8. GO BACK TO TEACHING

Perhaps you were once a school-teacher. Why not take refresher courses and go back into the profession? Many middle-aged women are doing just that, and with their wealth of experience and deeper understanding, they are making fine teachers, besides helping to relieve our teacher shortage.

✓ 9. DO HOME BAKING

If you have a knack for kneading up a batch of dough into golden loaves of bread or rolls, get the word

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

around that for a small fee you will bake fresh bread or hot rolls as desired for mothers in the neighborhood who work. You may be surprised at how eagerly they take advantage of your offer. Many a thriving business was started in the home.

So, now that you have that precious thing called "time," don't waste a minute of it by feeling sorry for yourself or by measuring it only in terms of years. Look upon the wide field of opportunities presented here, or look further into wider realms of religious and community work, career interests, and soul-satisfying projects, and humbly say, "I also can serve."

Clifford E. Young

(Continued from page 147)

been consistent throughout: a life devoted to the service of his family, his Church, and his country. He loves his fellow men, and he has received their love and friendship in return. He has mastered the art of "getting along with people," which in itself is a great accomplishment. He remarked to this writer that one of the things he treasures most in life is "the goodwill of the people of American Fork and Alpine Stake" with whom he has been intimately associated for so many years.

In the depression of the thirties, the north end of Utah County, where the Alpine Stake is located, was especially hard hit. Values of livestock sank to an all-time low. There was no sale for sheep or cattle; and what few farm crops were raised were insufficient for the people's needs. On the upper farm lands the drought was so severe that scarcely any crops were raised and out on the desert sheep perished for lack of feed and water. There was no work, the economic and spiritual condition of the people was at a low ebb. Many serious social problems arose; it was difficult to preserve the integrity of the home and prevent moral disintegration. The welfare program, as we know it today, had not been established.

It was during this period of Brother Young's administration as stake president that every effort was made to preserve the morale of the

(Continued on following page)

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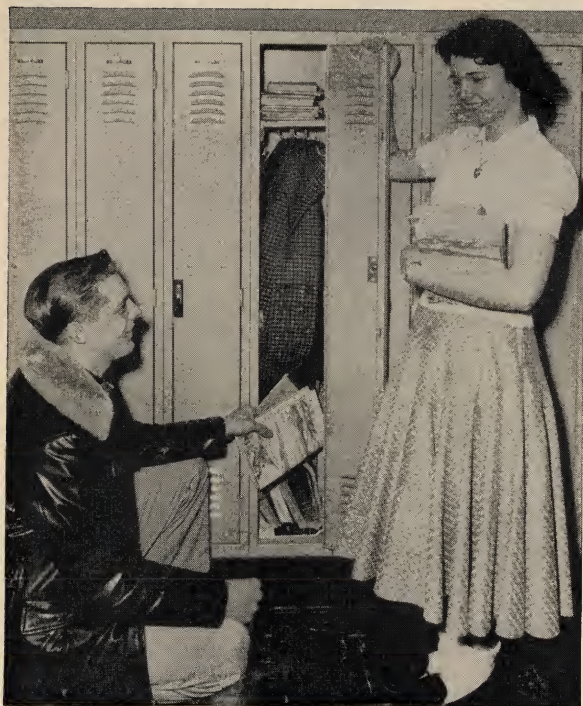
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Clifford E. Young

(Continued from preceding page)

people; to help them retain their homes, farms, and livestock and save them from bankruptcy and financial ruin. In his kind, understanding way he courageously faced the problems and forever endeared himself in the hearts of his friends and neighbors, who affectionately call him "Cliff."

A non-LDS business acquaintance, Mr. Raymond C. Wilson, retired senior vice-president of the First Security Bank of Utah, N.A., has said of him:

"My close acquaintance with Clifford E. Young dates back to 1933, the time of the bank holiday. In order to reopen for business, all state banks had to receive authority from the government. In the case of the People's State Bank of American Fork, they were obliged to raise considerable funds from their directors and stockholders.

"The burden of the responsibility fell on Mr. Young as executive officer of the bank. He promptly pledged everything he and his wife owned as collateral for a loan to save the bank—their home, their land, their summer home, their stocks, everything.

"A bank failure is a severe blow to a man's morale and reputation, and Cliff's honesty simply would not bow to this so long as he had life. Cliff worked day and night for months, and finally completed arrangements for a loan which enabled them to reopen the institution.

"I know of no man in the business who has ever worked as hard and put up everything he had to save a bank. Through it all Cliff never lost faith, believing always that he could accomplish his aim.

"My experience with Clifford E. Young is that he is thoroughly honest and honorable. His word is his bond. He always goes the extra mile to help a friend or to be sure that a deal is right. He would not knowingly or intentionally harm or inconvenience anyone. As far as I know he hasn't an enemy. I have seen him in situations in which he could have protected himself legally and practically, but would not consider doing so because such action would have been contrary to his high principles.

"Clifford Young is the epitome of an honest, Christian businessman."

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

In 1936 when the welfare program was launched, the Alpine Stake, under President Young's leadership, was one of the early stakes to obtain land and establish a cannery for the providing of work and commodities for the people.

IT WAS in American Fork that Clifford and his wife reared their family. Five children were born to them: Edith, on April 10, 1913, (married to Dr. Chauncy D. Harris, September 5, 1940); Helen, August 6, 1914, (married to Dr. John Boyd Page, December 28, 1936); Clifford E. Young, Jr., April 21, 1917, (married to Margaret Louise Bennion, June 21, 1944); Elizabeth Riter, born April 25, 1920—died August 6, 1934; Miriam, April 2, 1924, (married to Dean S. Farnsworth, November 3, 1948).

Dr. Harris is now dean of the school of arts and sciences at the University of Chicago; Dr. Page is dean of the graduate school of Texas A. and M., College Station, Texas. Dean Farnsworth has his bachelor of science degree from Brigham Young University in agronomy and is connected with the Phillips Petroleum Company in the field of soil fertilization. Clifford, Jr., has a bachelor of science degree from BYU and a master's degree from the Harvard business school and is now the cashier for the People's State Bank in American Fork.

Among the cherished experiences of the Young family was that of having as frequent visitors to their American Fork home President and Sister Heber J. Grant, accompanied by members of the family of the President and his special guests and friends.

President Grant loved the canyons, and one of his favorite pastimes was to drive around the Timpanogos Loop, ending up at the home of the Youngs. Sister Young had a lovely voice, and it was with great pride that President Grant had his daughter sing for his friends.

These visits were usually characterized by a dinner prepared by Sister Young. The food was delicious. The hospitality of the home was unequalled.

One of the many noted guests was Edgar A. Guest, the poet. On his way to California, Mr. Guest had stopped in Salt Lake City to meet President Grant, who had purchased so many of his books, and the President invited him to stay over a day and speak to the Brigham Young

(Continued on page 189)

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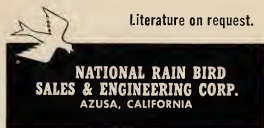




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NO DAY IS BETTER to change or repent than any other. Repentance and improvement are always in season. But sometimes it seems we have to have some special occasion to exert ourselves to a "self-survey." And the New Year seems traditionally to offer an open invitation to all to improve and repent. And now from among the many themes that might suggest themselves, we turn to one possible point of improvement and repentance: Sometimes in the give and take of life we find reason for much misunderstanding, and for anger and annoyance at others—and they at us. And such situations frequently lead to feelings of acute offense, and the closing up of hearts, and cutting others off, and avoiding other people as much as possible—even to the point of not speaking—both in public and in private places. It happens with children. Children have been known to walk to the other side of the street to avoid speaking to a playmate, or to pretend not to see someone. And others of us, it seems, are sometimes simply children—a little more grown, but not always acting as if we were. Sometimes we may know full well that others have seen us, and that we have seen them, and still go through the process of a kind of pretense that is unsatisfying and insincere. Sometimes even members of the same household walk in and out without greetings, without welcome, and live sometimes at length in sulking silence. Misunderstandings within the walls where we live, or within the walls where we work, or on the streets where we walk, make the pattern of living tense and trying—for we never feel the need to ignore another person without placing some penalty upon ourselves. The fact is that we narrow our own world, we narrow the limits of our own lives if there is anyone we feel we must avoid, if there is anyone concerning whom we have unsettled feelings of offense. On this subject we take a sentence from our Savior: "Therefore if thou . . . rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; . . . first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."¹ Smoldering resentments and unsettled offenses, unsettled slights and quarrels, all tend to narrow and cramp the lives we live and to shrivel us inside. Literally, we can poison ourselves with resentment and pretense. And in order to be at ease and to have peace inside ourselves, we have to open our hearts, and clear up misunderstandings, and feel free of offense toward those with whom we live our lives—and as we do, a load will be lifted, and our world will be widened, and we shall be relieved of the tension of pretense—and have a blessed feeling of freedom among our fellow men.

¹Matt. 5:23-24.

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Clifford E. Young

(Continued from page 187)

University student body. Returning to Salt Lake from Provo, the party stopped at the home of Brother and Sister Young, and what was to have been a short call turned out to be an afternoon visit which ended with everyone in the party sitting around the table having homemade bread and milk.

It was in American Fork also that a great tragedy befell Clifford when his lovely wife Edith died of a sudden heart attack on August 20, 1947. At her death *The Deseret News* said of her editorially:

"Mrs. Edith Grant Young was a woman of great faith and accomplishment. From the age of five years when she made her first public appearance as a singer, until the night before she was called home to her maker, she used her great musical talent to cheer and bless mankind. She has sung at literally hundreds of funerals and church services in American Fork and throughout the state. . . . Sister Young was widely known for her gracious hospitality and friendliness. . . . Her home was an ideal Latter-day Saint one. . . . Edith, as she was affectionately known, will long be remembered for her lasting achievements as a mother in Israel, and for her unbending devotion to the restored gospel." (*Deseret News*, August 23, 1947.)

Since the death of his wife, Elder Young has continued to spend his time in filling assignments for the Church and in looking after his business affairs. Almost every Saturday and Sunday he attends a quarterly conference in one of the stakes, and he has endeared himself to thousands of Latter-day Saints with his wholesome advice and counsel as well as his genuine kindness.

High tribute was recently paid Elder Young by Elder Marion G. Romney of the Council of the Twelve when he wrote:

"I am honored with this opportunity to say a few words about my beloved friend and colleague, Clifford E. Young. To him applies, as much as to any man I know, Peter's comment spoken of Jesus, 'he went about doing good.' (Acts 10:38.)

"In sixteen years of close association, I have learned of his Christlike love of neighbor which dominates his

(Continued on following page)

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(Continued from preceding page)

life. He gives to the word 'neighbor' the wide interpretation implied in the parable of the Good Samaritan. To pass by one in distress without administering assistance violates his very nature. He has never been known to do so.

"Blessed with a superb facility to be helpful without embarrassing or intruding, he is a cultured gentleman born and bred. Most graciously, he always leaves with his associates more in substance and kindness than he receives.

"Many are the farm, livestock, and home owners who owe the continued possession of their property to his wise counseling and liberal financing.

"Hundreds have been the beneficiaries of his husbandry. Berries, fruits, vegetables, poultry and dairy products, he has produced and carried to their homes. Hosts of friends and acquaintances have feasted at his bounteous table—particularly in the days of his beloved wife, Edith.

"At his friendly and hospitable canyon cottage, many have been refreshed and invigorated.

"His countless visits to the sick and distressed have given unmeasured comfort, strength and courage. His aid has oftentimes been substantial. For example, he once called upon a friend who with his wife was recuperating in a hospital from severe injuries. Clifford expressed sympathy, love, and his hopes for a speedy recovery. And then, unlike most of us who take our leave with the familiar phrase, 'Well, if there is anything I can do, just let me know,' he said in substance, 'Now, I don't know what your circumstances are, but I do know that for me there have been times when I needed money more than sympathy. This may be one of those times in your life.' Whereupon he took from his pocket a checkbook, laid it on the table and said, 'I have opened an account in your name at the bank. Just draw what you need. We can talk about repayment later.'

"Surely it can be said of him, he goes 'about doing good.'

Following are a few excerpts from sermons he has delivered at the general conferences held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle. He said on Sunday, October 3, 1954:

"My brethren and sisters: I join you this beautiful Sabbath morning in expressing gratitude for a testimony of the divinity of this work. As I drove up this morning from my home in Utah County, I could not help feeling grateful that I had a father and mother who believed. My father (it is his 117th anniversary today) knew the Prophet Joseph, only as a boy however, but his family knew the Prophet intimately, and they loved him. My father loved him. My mother loved his name. They have instilled in the hearts of us children an appreciation of the great work. They went through times that were rough. Father knew the criticisms that had been heaped against the Prophet, but he knew they were not true, and he knew in very deed that Joseph was all he pretended to be.

"I tried to think this morning as I was driving along, what I would have thought had I lived in the little village of Palmyra in 1820, when a young boy was to return to his home and tell his parents of the great manifestation that had come to him. I am wondering what I would have thought had I even been a brother, as was Hyrum, six years older than the Prophet. Would I have believed him or would I have thought that there was something wrong with the boy? But I am sure if I had come under that parental influence and had felt the faith and warmth of those parents who knew, I too would have subscribed to his great message and would have believed.

"A mother knows the weakness of her children; she knows those weaknesses before anyone else. She does not parade them, for which we are grateful, but she knows the weaknesses, and Lucy Smith would have known whether or not the Prophet, the boy, was telling the truth. She would have known whether his message was one of truth or one of error, and she did know it and she never wavered throughout her life; neither did the father who stood loyally and truly by the side of the young Prophet.

"It was a fantastic message. It was not easy to believe. And I try to picture the Prophet as we picture the Savior as he stood before Pilate, alone; his disciples had left him, even

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



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"And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

—Luke 11:9-10.

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Peter had said that he did not know him when he was pressed by some of the rabble; so Jesus stood alone. In that early day of the history of the Church the Prophet stood alone; and yet, think of this great work today. One and a quarter centuries have passed and here we have evidence of the heaven that was referred to by Brother Morris, small as it was, leavening the lump; and this message of the restored gospel is spreading throughout the land."

Elder Young has just pride in the great Young family, which has contributed so much to the Church, and whose name he bears. In a sermon at the April conference in 1946, he spoke as follows:

"If I may be a bit personal, my grandfather [Joseph Young] with his four brothers and their father, joined the Church in 1832. My great-grandfather was then nearly seventy. All of these five brothers, with the exception of Lorenzo Young, were older than Joseph Smith, and yet when they came into Kirtland they recognized him as a Prophet of the Living God. They were men of intelligence; they were men capable of analyzing the Prophet Joseph Smith and appraising the things for which he stood. They believed implicitly in him, and when they accepted the truth as it had been taught to them by the early missionaries, to the day of their deaths they never wavered. All of them were true to the faith."

In a sermon delivered on October 2, 1953, he spoke of the missionary work of the Church:

"Our missionaries do not present a message of a new Church; it is a message of the restored Church. We do not have a new gospel; it is the gospel that was preached by Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, today, and forever. Our position as Latter-day Saints is that we are entrusted with the responsibility of establishing the kingdom of God in the earth, that it may prepare mankind for the kingdom of heaven that is to come. We feel that there is no greater message that can be brought to the children of men than one that will make men conscious of error and turn them to the truth. Repentance is a grand Christian act; it is not only Christian, it is divine."

Truly, Clifford E. Young by example as well as by precept is a man whom Latter-day Saints would do well to emulate.

MARCH 1957

Wake Up With the World!



Pick up The Salt Lake Tribune from your doorstep, and there in front of you is the world, the west—YOUR Intermountain West—and your community. What happened last night in Pakistan is as clearly told to you as what happened in the P-T A meeting at your neighborhood school. You're a part of the world and a citizen of the Intermountain West.

You step out on the street knowing that your whole day will be one of awareness, because the world and your own neighborhood have been brought to your breakfast table in proper perspective, in your morning copy of

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Melchizedek Priesthood

MEN IN STEP

IT HAS BEEN said that the greatest invention of all time took place 2,500 years ago at Plataea when an obscure Greek perfected the process of marching men in step. When it was found that the efforts of a group of men, having different motives and different personalities, could be organized and co-ordinated to function as one, that day, civilization began.

Certainly, throughout all of human history this quality of "unity of purpose," this "consolidated action," has proved to be one of the most important elements of accomplishment. When men are not able to unite and work together, then those going in one direction tend to neutralize the efforts of those going in the opposite direction, and the result is confusion and failure.

It doesn't matter very much whether the desired accomplishment lies in building a business, doing effective Church work, or running an empire—the ability to make united effort is usually the final test of superiority. So important is this quality that Deity has described the presidency of heaven as being "one." (See John 17:21.) Our strength and progress also depend upon our ability to work together and focus our efforts on a common objective.

In our day, the Lord himself has set up an organization to bring about the salvation of his children. Each of us has been placed in some position of responsibility in the Church to help work out our own exaltation. Jesus played for his disciples that they might be one, as he and his Father are one. That is the greatest possible objective.

But sometimes we never learn to work together, no matter how important the undertaking may be. Sometimes we resemble a team of horses without a driver, or a team that is balky, or one that is trying to go in opposite directions. This confusion may not be because the workers are not capable, or because they do not believe in the doctrines of the Church. It may be that we have just

never trained ourselves to co-ordinate our efforts and work as a unit.

Jesus pointed out this common cause of failure in a group of men in his day. Each had some excuse. One had to attend to his own business. One was going to be married. Every man had something different on his mind, and consequently each was going in a different direction and the work that the Lord intended could not be accomplished.

Many people are potentially capable but miss the goal because they lack unity. Think how much money we spend in America for supervision of our daily work, to keep ourselves going in the right direction, at the right time, at the right speed. We specify hours to start and stop. We measure work load and accomplishment in order to try to control results. A government experiment indicated that when the boss leaves the job, eighty-four percent of the workers relax their effort. This is unfortunate and costly in our vocations. In a different way it can be even more costly in our religious endeavors.

The Lord has said that "as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways." (Isa. 55:9.) It naturally follows that when he tells us to do something we may not always understand *why* it is necessary, or why it should be done *now*, or why it must be done as he has said. And as a consequence, a lot of us get out of step with God and the program of the Church.

Naaman was told to bathe himself in the River Jordan to be cleansed of his leprosy. But Naaman said, "Are not the rivers of my own country better than the waters of Israel?" (See II Kings 5:12.) Sometimes, like Naaman, we figure out reasons to be out of step; for example, the Lord has told us to be baptized by immersion for the remission of sins. Then somebody immediately argues that sprinkling will do just as well. Or why should one be baptized at all? But the Lord has said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;

but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16:16.) And we had better let it go at that.

What a wonderful thing it would be if we accepted the word of the Lord at face value and then did *what* he said, *when* it should be done.

Recently an article was published by one of the popular ministers of the world, apologizing for a book he had written a number of years ago in which he opposed one of the principles of the gospel. Greater experience and more mature thought had caused him to change his mind. But for all the intervening years, his philosophy and his books have been leading people astray, bringing confusion and disobedience into their lives. Now he finds that he was wrong, but the damage has been done and the problem has not been corrected, for as long as he puts his trust in his own opinions instead of the word of the Lord, he will probably continue to go off on other tangents in the future. How much better it would be to trust in God and march in step with him and his program.

Sometimes the Lord must get pretty weary of the discord and confusion when so many of his children trust in their own whims and prejudices. "... to obey is [still] better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." (I Sam. 15:22.)

We pay money to see a great athletic team, when the players have learned to synchronize their efforts and play for the team. Then each player submerges individual wishes in seeking the welfare of his group. Each takes the attitude that "the team" and "the cause" are bigger and more important than individual wishes. We do not like to see each player trying to show how capable he is individually; the thing that we want to see is a team performance that is effective, and that is what the Lord wants to see. No football team would ever accomplish much if every member carried his own book of rules and called his own signals, each having his own objectives in mind and his own independent procedures for accomplishment.

Someone said that the greatest contribution ever made to progress came from football when someone invented "the huddle." That is when the players get their heads together to co-ordinate their efforts so that they can play as one. They are as "men in step." This is a great invention, and we should use it more.

In the Church, as in the army or in football, it is necessary for every man to know his responsibility and to carry out his part of the assignment. The Commander-in-Chief may not be able to take the time personally to persuade everyone that the course outlined is the proper one. But if the army could not move until every private had given his approval on every detail of procedure, the army would never get very far, as there are usually about as many opinions as individuals involved. The men in an effective army must learn confidence and obedience, not only to march in step with their feet, but with their hearts, their wills, their purposes, their minds, and their ability. In some of the wards and stakes, we have not adequately learned this great lesson.

In the work of salvation, God is calling the signals and our exaltation is at stake. How much better it would be if we always placed our trust in God and did *what* we should, *when* we should, and *how* we should. We may not always understand the whys and wherefores; it may appear to some that civil marriage is about as good as temple marriage. Or we may think that Sacrament meeting attendance or the observance of the Sabbath day is not very important, or that a little irresponsibility won't make much difference. Then when we find out our mistake, the wrong has already been done. It has been said that "Hell is truth seen too late." But in addition, we have contributed to the discord and confusion of other people. For it is far more difficult for others to march in step when we are in confusion.

A number of years ago the Church adopted the welfare program, and plans of procedure were taken to all the wards and stakes. But some of the leaders in some of the wards insisted on calling their own signals and making their own rules. And so, even after twenty years have passed, some haven't yet progressed very far, even in learning the program. These are wonderful men personally; they

just have not learned a fundamental lesson. For each man to make his own rules would soon completely destroy the effectiveness of an army or a football team, and it can also rob us of our blessings.

Jesus initiated a program of individual work, illustrated by the parable of the lost sheep, and in conformity therewith the General Authorities of the Church initiated a program for 1956 in the wards and stakes, requesting that this plan of personal visitation be the united action of the priesthood in order to bring back into activity those whose spiritual welfare was being jeopardized. Some responded wonderfully; others made only a feeble effort; and some did almost nothing at all.

All usually have many reasons as to why the work was not done. Some have more urgent things to do. Some say, "I go," but go not; others don't want to be bothered. Some didn't understand the program. Some didn't remember; some didn't care. Some insisted on playing according to their own rules, with their own signals, and at their own pleasure. Consequently, accomplishment in this program in some groups remains very near to zero. Jesus must have had this in mind when he said, "... if ye

are not one ye are not mine." (D & C 38:27.)

We have been invited to march in step with God in the process of bringing about our own salvation. This proposed unity guarantees a maximum of accomplishment. What a thrilling idea to play on God's team, to help to do his work and to co-ordinate our minds and efforts with him in bringing to pass the immortality and eternal life of man.

Think what would happen in any ward where all efforts were perfectly synchronized to do his will. We would then have his spirit. We would multiply our ability and accomplishment. We would all be going in the right direction at the right time. "In unity there is strength." If each unit responded as one man, nothing would be impossible. To think would be to act. There would be no "time lag" or days or months or years between the impulse and the accomplishment. When the Lord spoke, we would answer. When the President of the Church gave a direction, we would hear.

"We may not know what the future holds, but we do know who holds the future," and "to be in step" with him is the greatest opportunity of our existence.

The Emerson Ward Mural

(Concluded from page 151)

ize the figures. They are not heroically proportioned.

The valley, too, is typical of this country—not necessarily a Salt Lake Valley; and the trees correspond to the intermountain environment but do not depict any set area. Thus I hoped that the mural would present a desirable, universal concept.

Last spring the board of health condemned the upper half of the building in which I was painting. All tenants would have to leave by September.

I began painting furiously—each morning, spending many afternoons on various details. What grasses grew at specific elevations? What butterflies flitted through Utah's autumn mountains.

The mural took form rapidly.

The diminishing-glass for producing perspective in "pulling the picture together" was in constant use. The

last week of August I sighed and called an expert to mount my mural in its long reserved place. Only the finishing touches remained.

The casual observer would never ponder or imagine the innumerable complexities of the project. He may never realize his own part in "finishing" the picture for me. It is my belief that any painting is not completed until it has communicated its message to someone else—until it has been enjoyed.

If the observer is happier because the mural lends a little glory to the room, and if he feels a greater thanksgiving, for the bounties of earth; if he becomes more willing to share them with his neighbors; if through it he feels, even subconsciously, that ours is a friendly, happy, wholesome religion, and if his children in loving this painting come to a greater awareness that our chapel and the world are God's home and property—then my mural is complete!



The Presiding

Study Guide for Ward Teachers

March 1957

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

THE DESIRE to secure something for nothing has caused untold grief and misery in the world in all ages. The "get-rich-quick" idea in one form or another has been used by promoters of schemes and "rackets" of various kinds, to induce people to make expenditures in the hope that they might be the "lucky" ones and gain comparatively large sums of money thereby.

Probably never in the history of the world has this spirit been so rampant as at the present time. The schemes being perpetrated upon the public have invaded practically every field of business activity. Housewives are urged to spend comparatively small amounts for products they may or may not be able to use in the hope that, out of the millions of women who enter such "contests," they might find the end of the rainbow and secure the pot of gold.

Young people are confronted on all sides by devices, games, and gambling schemes to induce them to spend money. The amusement field in many communities has also been invaded with "something-for-nothing" schemes, and those who can least afford it are frequently the ones who are attracted in largest numbers.

Any scheme, plan, device, game, or other arrangement that has as its motive and incentive the hope of securing something for nothing should be avoided by Latter-day Saints. Gains thus secured have, in many instances, proven unfortunate and disastrous. Winners of lotteries, and other schemes, whose stories have reached the public, have testified that their winning has not been a blessing.

Homes have been broken, mothers and children have been made to suffer, young men have been sent to prison, men have lost their self-respect, families have been impoverished and many young people started on the wrong road in life through such schemes.

Latter-day Saints should observe the teachings of our Church leaders in this respect. Gambling in any form should be avoided. Such schemes and plans do not come from our Father in heaven.

INTRODUCTION OF STUDY GUIDE FOR APRIL 1957

Your House in Order

We are living in a world of uncertainty. Life itself is uncertain. Wisdom suggests that we should be prepared at all times as far as possible to meet any condition that may confront us. Our homes should be in order. Is your house in order spiritually? Is your house in order physically? Is your house in order financially?

No Exceptions to This Rule

SOME BISHOPS are still asking for exceptions in the matter of perfect attendance of members of the Aaronic Priesthood at priesthood and Sacrament meetings. Various hardship cases are called to our attention and request made for special consideration for those who through accident, illness, or other reason are compelled to miss one of these meetings.

Every young man expecting to re-

ceive the one hundred percent seal affixed to his Individual Aaronic Priesthood Award must attend exactly the same number of priesthood and Sacrament meetings as are held in his ward of residence during the calendar year. There is no such thing as make-up meetings or being excused from attending these meetings. If on occasion a young man does not attend in his own ward, but on the same day attends these meetings in another ward, he is to receive credit in his quorum roll for this at-

Challenging Record



Albert G. Call III

FROM THE time Albert G. Call III was baptized, June 11, 1944, until he was ordained a deacon he never missed a Sacrament, Primary, or Sunday School meeting. From the time he was ordained a deacon at the age of twelve until he was ordained an elder, he never missed a priesthood, Sacrament, Sunday School, or MIA meeting, making a total of eleven years perfect attendance.

The Presiding Bishopric are pleased to commend this young man for this record of unusual excellence. Albert is presently serving as a missionary in the French Mission. He is a member of the Boise Sixth Ward, Boise (Idaho) Stake.

attendance. His attendance at general conference, stake quarterly conference, and MIA June conference may also be substituted for attendance at these meetings. (For details see *Handbook for Leaders Aaronic Priesthood* under 21, p. 55.)

This is the only fair and honest way to handle the problem of attendance. A young man either attends all of his meetings or he does not. If he does not, it is a misrepresentation of fact to place the one hundred percent seal on his award. The ninety-five and ninety percent seals have been added for the benefit of those young men who may through some misfortune have to miss one or two meetings.

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

Bishopric's Page

Prepared by Lee A. Palmer

Program Details for Memorial Dedication to Be Announced in April

THE PROGRAM for the dedication and unveiling of the Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood Memorial Monument will be detailed in the April ERA. The monument depicts John the Baptist restoring the keys of the Aaronic Priesthood to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery and is the work of our own great Latter-day Saint sculptor, Avard Fairbanks.

The monument will be of heroic size and was made possible by the voluntary contributions of Aaronic Priesthood bearers, both senior members and those under 21 years of age, and in many cases their leaders.

It will be a source of pride and satisfaction for those who have made contributions for its erection to know that their names are enclosed in a copper box in the base of the monument.

It is planned that the dedication and unveiling of the monument will be part of the annual commemoration of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood in May.

Teachers Should Watch Over the Church

"Now tonight I should like to emphasize another phase of ward teaching—'watching over the Church always.'"

"The teacher's duty is not performed when he goes only once a month to each house. I remember when one bishop made it a duty of the ward teacher to go at once to a house bereaved of a loved one and see what could be done in order to bring comfort to those who were grieving and to make arrangements for the funeral. It is the teacher's duty to see that there is no want; if there is sickness there, to go and administer—watching over those families always." (President David O. McKay, General Conference, April 1956.)

Ward Teaching

Ward Teachers Should Cultivate Sincerity

TO BE CONVINCINGLY sincere is one of the qualities of good teaching. Sincerity as it applies to the art of teaching does not consist of pretense, showmanship, oratory, or high pressure tactics. It is not superficial; it is free from ulterior motives and is void of deception.

Sincerity in the process of teaching has an unusual way of making itself understood. It needs no explanation or apology. While sincerity has persuasive powers, it is not given to argument. It operates in the spirit of friendliness and does not offend. Sincerity is a conviction that makes the heart, the voice, and the countenance grow more earnest.

An outstanding example of the influence of sincerity comes from Paul when defending himself before King Agrippa and Festus. At the climax of his appeal King Agrippa replied: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." (Acts 26:28.)

Although a member of a sect unpopular with both these Roman and Jewish leaders, Paul sincerely defended those principles he believed in. While Agrippa and Festus were not in agreement with Paul's philosophy, they were moved by his sincerity.

The sincere teacher applies first in his own life the principles which he advocates for those whom he teaches. The basis of his teaching is a combination of precept and example. Ward teachers are expected to follow the same pattern. They should add to their knowledge the noble virtue of sincerity in teaching.

Six Senior Members of One Family Ordained Elders Same Day



Five Nix brothers and a brother-in-law of the Tooele Seventh Ward of Tooele Stake were advanced to the Melchizedek Priesthood on December 9, 1956. They are, seated left to right: Howard Nix, Foster Nix, and Thomas Nix. Standing:

Donald Talmage, Leoid Nix, and Elmer Nix. These men have all been good community workers and have participated in and contributed to many stake and ward projects. Their advancement is the result of the encouragement of a fine bishopric and ward committee.

Today's Family

EILEEN GIBBONS
Editor



Ida A. Beutler

A Recipe for Happy Homemaking



NECESSITY makes homemakers of many, but Ida Andrus Beutler of North Logan, Utah, earns the title in additional ways. She was an active 4-H girl in her teens and has taught in the program for seven years. She majored in sewing, cooking, and child development at Utah State and after receiving her degree taught for one year.

But most important of all, she absorbed from her mother a love for the home arts. From her mother's good attitude, as much as from any learned skills, has come her enjoyment of homemaking.

From all indications, Sister Beutler is passing this same good attitude on to her own daughters. From the oldest, 15, to the youngest, a 3-year-old, they know their way around the kitchen like experts. (Norene, 7, for instance, doesn't like "mixes." She wants to measure everything!) Because the girls help their mother with the cooking and housekeeping, Sister Beutler has been able, in addition to serving as Relief Society president, to teach 4-H, sew for her-

self, and keep up with the many other demands as a farmer's wife and mother of five.



For her outstanding 4-H leadership in 1956, Sister Beutler was given the 4-H Alumni Recognition Award for the entire state of Utah. She received the same award on a county level earlier in the year, and her clubs have also won several recognitions. Sister Beutler believes that LDS girls should be encouraged to take some home economics training, whether it be in 4-H, FHA, or in school. But much more important than training, she believes, is a mother's encouragement and help.

Because her own childhood and that of her husband were so full of happy memories, the Beutlers do a great deal of memory building of their own. One of their nicest home traditions is the "fuss over birthdays," and with it, Sister Beutler's homemaking talents—and her file of recipes—get a real workout. She also has a



For a circus party at the Beutlers, the centerpiece is a colorful clown birthday cake. An ice cream circus wagon pulled by cookie animals stands nearby, and each guest has his own clown cupcake and parsley-tailed sandwich horse.



knack for the artistic, and this also is evident in birthday preparations.

Each daughter, on her even number birthdays, entertains in the home. Annette, for example, when she turns twelve in April, will choose menus for all meals, decide what kind of cake she would like, and sit in a special birthday chair. She will give a party for her friends, choosing her own theme, and this theme will be carried through decorations, games, favors, and refreshments. Mother and sisters will help.

Sister Beutler's fresh fruit ice cream, cream puffs, and razzle dazzle are among those birthday treats which have been asked for again and again.

Fresh Fruit Ice Cream

- 2½ cups sugar
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 3 lemons, juiced
- 1 orange, juiced
- 1 #2 can crushed pineapple
- 2 cans evaporated milk
- 1½ quarts milk
- ½ cup heavy cream

Add sugar to eggs and beat until well blended. Add fruit juices and pineapple. Stir in evaporated milk and fresh milk. Beat heavy cream until stiff and fold into mixture. Freeze in ice cream freezer until firm. Pack until ready to serve. Makes about 4 quarts.

Razzle Dazzle Candy

- 1 quart corn flakes
- 1 quart rice krispies
- ½ cup Spanish salted peanuts
- 1 cup shredded coconut
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- ½ cup milk
- ½ teaspoon vanilla

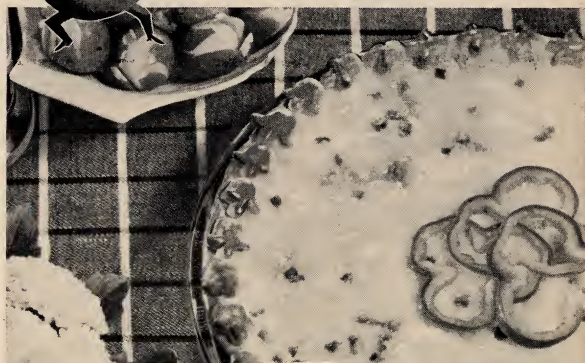
Butter the inside of bowl. Put corn flakes, rice krispies, coconut, and peanuts into the bowl and mix thoroughly. Butter two flat drippers, for use later. Put sugar, corn syrup, and milk in saucepan and cook to a very firm but not hard ball stage. (236° F.) When this syrup starts to cook, it will have a curdled appearance. Stir to prevent sticking. Add vanilla, pour over cereal and nut mixture. Mix thoroughly. Spread into buttered pans. Cut into squares before it cools.

Because of her Relief Society work and her training, Sister Beutler is frequently called upon to help with Church and community dinners and other entertainments. At the last ward party where she was asked to bring cup cakes, Marie, three, followed her and the tray of chocolate chip cup cakes (Concluded on following page)

Oh—that tantalizing "Yeast-Riz" Crust!



HUMPTY-DUMPTY in a Dish



HUMPTY DUMPTY in a DISH

"YEAST-RIZ" CRUST

Scald ½ cup milk. Stir in ¼ cup shortening, 6 tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon salt. Cool to lukewarm. Measure into bowl ¼ cup warm (not hot) water. (Cool to lukewarm for compressed yeast.) Add 1 package or cake Fleischmann's Yeast, active dry or compressed. Stir to dissolve. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture, 1 beaten egg and 1½ cups sifted enriched flour. Beat until smooth. Stir in an additional 1¼ cups sifted enriched flour (about). Knead. Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 1½ hours. Punch down; divide into 3 pieces. Roll each into 10-inch circle. Press firmly into 9-inch pie pan. Press edge with tines of fork. Brush with 1 slightly beaten egg white. (To decorate crust, place thin braid or small cut-outs of dough around rim. Brush with egg white.) Let rise until doubled in bulk, about 20 minutes. Prick with fork.

Bake in oven at 350° F. for 8 minutes. Do not brown. Fill and bake—or store until ready to use. To store crust, cool, stack and wrap in foil. Hold in refrigerator 1-10 days. Makes 3.

Egg-and-Pepper Filling

Place 5 sliced hard cooked eggs in "Yeast-Riz" Crust. Over low heat melt ¼ cup Blue Bonnet Margarine. Add and blend thoroughly 2 tablespoons enriched flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon dry mustard. Slowly add ¾ cup milk, stirring constantly to keep mixture smooth. Cook until sauce thickens and is satiny smooth. Add sauce alternately with ½ cup grated American cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper and 1 tablespoon chopped pimiento to egg slices in crust. Bake in moderate oven at 350° F. for 15-20 minutes. Makes 4-6 servings.

"A crust with heavenly taste and texture only yeast can give,"

says Mrs. Robert Cheatum, prize-winning cook of San Bernardino, California. "It's got a delicious, different flavor that blends perfectly with the zippy egg-and-pepper filling. And imagine—you can bake the crust days ahead, then fill and brown in minutes.

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Happy Homemaking

(Continued from preceding page)

right into the kitchen and helped herself. Janet, eight, told Mother afterward how hard she had tried to get one, without succeeding.

Chocolate Chip Cup Cakes

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups enriched flour
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons vanilla
- 1 package chocolate chips
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maraschino cherries, drained and cut

Combine shortening, salt, and sugar. Blend well. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift flour and baking powder together. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture alternately with milk (to which the vanilla has been added). Add chocolate chips and cherries. Fill cup cake cups one half full. Bake at 425° F. for 15 minutes. Frost with "never fail icing" and top each cake with maraschino cherry. Yield: 12 cup cakes.

Never Fail Icing

- 1 cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup water
- 2 tablespoons white corn syrup
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar

Boil together 3 minutes. Pour into 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten. Stir until of spreading consistency. Add desired flavoring.

Her fruit punch is another favorite.

Fruit Punch

- 1 pint water
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 cups pineapple juice
- 1 cup orange juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice

Boil sugar and water together. Chill. Add pineapple juice, orange juice, and enough lemon juice to give desired tartness. Garnish with cubes of ice, spear-mint, and slices of lemon or orange. Makes $1\frac{1}{4}$ quarts.

SISTER BEUTLER determined as a girl that she would never marry a farmer. And she didn't—she married a salesman. But he was a salesman with farming in his blood, and many times during their first months of marriage she waited in the car while Wallace felt the soil and looked at the crops along the highway. A year after their

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THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

wedding, they bought some farm land and built their own home. And today, Sister Beutler, as well as her daughters who drive the tractor and help with other farm jobs, enjoys farm life.

On a farm, where appetites are keen, and in a home where cooking is given such careful attention, there are likely to be "anytime" favorites. Wallace has his, Diane, Annette, Janet, Norene, and Marie have theirs. A favorite with all of them is Sister Beutler's goulash, and it is a dish that is equally good warmed over and served a second day. Quick and easy to prepare, it has been served at several family get-togethers.

Goulash

- 1 medium package noodles
- 1½ pounds ground beef
- 1 large onion, diced
- ½ square butter
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 1 can tomato sauce
- 2 cans tomato soup
- 1 pint corn
- ½ cup nippy cheese
- Salt and pepper

Boil noodles in plenty of water. Lightly brown onion in butter. Lightly brown beef in onion mixture. Mix all ingredients and bake in slow oven two hours. A few stuffed olives may be added for special occasions.

Two chicken dishes—chicken a la king and scalloped chicken—are among the top choices, as is her grapefruit-gingerale molded salad.

Chicken a la King

- ½ pound sliced mushrooms
- ¼ cup butter
- 5 tablespoons enriched flour
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 1½ cups light cream
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups diced, cooked chicken

Brown mushrooms in butter. Add flour and blend. Gradually add chicken stock and cream. Cook over low heat until smooth and thick, stirring constantly. Add seasonings and chicken. Heat through and serve in patty shells, bread cups, timbale cases, or over rice. Serves 6.

Scalloped Chicken

- 3 cups broth
- 3 pounds chicken meat
- ½ cup flour
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 4 eggs, beaten until light

Heat broth. Add flour and cook un-

til thick. Cool and add eggs. Cook 3 or 4 minutes longer.

Dressing

- 2 loaves bread, cubed
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon sage
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup onion, grated
- ½ cup celery, diced
- 1 teaspoon parsley
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 2 cups milk (approximately) Do not make too moist.

Toss lightly together. Place layer of dressing in baking dish, then layer of chicken, then broth. Continue, making three layers of each, and end with broth. Bake about 40 minutes at 325° F.

Grapefruit-Gingerale Molded Salad

- 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- ½ cup cold water
- 1 cup crushed pineapple
- ¼ cup sugar
- Dash salt
- Dash paprika
- 1 cup canned grapefruit
- ½ cup pecans, broken
- 2 cups gingerale, chilled

Soften gelatin in cold water. Drain pineapple, reserving juice. Add enough water to pineapple juice to make ½ cup liquid. Heat to boiling point and add all other ingredients except gingerale. Chill until cold, but not until it starts to set. Stir in gingerale. Pour into quart ring mold. Chill until set. Unmold on lettuce bed.

If Sister Beutler knows she is going to be especially busy around mealtime, she takes 15 minutes early in the day to whip together a pink velvet pie. It takes no cooking or baking, and is a tasty, light dessert that is ready whenever the family are.

Pink Velvet Pie

- 16 graham crackers, crushed fine
- 4 tablespoons butter, melted
- 1 package strawberry jello
- ½ cup hot water
- ¼ cup lemon juice
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 tall can condensed milk, chilled
- ice-crystal for whipping
- 1 teaspoon lemon rind, grated

Mix crackers with butter and line a 9-inch pie plate, saving about ¼ of mixture for topping. Dissolve jello in hot water. Add lemon juice and sugar and let stand while whipping canned milk stiff. Combine the two

(Concluded on following page)

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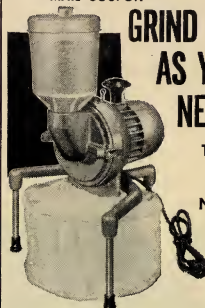
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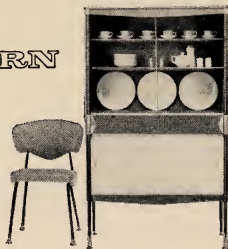


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"GOVERNMENT IS FORCE AND SHOULD BE WATCHED LIKE FIRE"—George Washington

Happy Homemaking

(Concluded from preceding page)

mixtures and continue whipping until stiff peak is formed. Fold in lemon rind and pour over cracker crust. Top with remaining crumbs. Chill about three hours. Serves 6 to 8. Other flavors of gelatin may be used for variety.

Sister Beutler sews for herself and for her daughters still too young to do it for themselves. Of all the home arts, she seems to enjoy this one most. Learning to sew, she feels, is a part of our welfare responsibility, as every LDS woman should be able in an emergency to sew for her family.

Before becoming president of the North Logan Ward Relief Society more than two years ago, Sister Beutler had served as a counselor in the stake Primary presidency, as a ward chorister and organist, Primary stake class leader, and had taught in all of the Church auxiliaries.

The Beutlers cannot imagine trying to raise their children without the Church. They recall President McKay's philosophy that children are guests in the home, there by invitation, and it is on this belief that they base their weekly home evenings, family traditions, and emphasis on happiness in homemaking.

"Bring Me Your Tears"

by Florence J. Johnson

FRIENDSHIP is precious. There are many degrees of friendship, and the friend we prize the most is the one who welcomes us when we are in trouble.

Can a friend come to you, tired, frustrated, despondent, knowing that he will receive sincere sympathy and help?

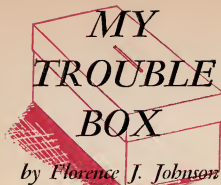
"Bring me your tears," is the offer of true friendship.

"Come unto me, all ye that . . . are heavy laden," says the "Good Book"—the same offer in different words.

Do you go to Him in prayer when trouble is weighing you down, when tears are waiting to be shed on a comforting shoulder—tears of sorrow, tears of repentance, tears of joy? In each instance you will receive sympathetic attention and guidance.

What better friendship can there be?

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA



I HAD FUSSED and fumed, making quite an issue over the matter. A few days later, I realized that my emotional display was uncalled for. Everything worked out satisfactorily.

It was time for some introspection. Too much I and myself.

How many times, just recently, had I fretted about minor matters, or even major ones, only to discover later the worry had been needless?

How many times had I fumed over forgotten errands, mud-tracked floors, or wet towels "hung" on the bathroom floor?

How many times had I succumbed to an excessive display of impatience?

How many times had I indulged in thoroughly unlovely "martyrdom"? Definitely it was time to act before the family staged open rebellion.

I hunted up a box, made a slot in the cover, sealed the lid down, and placed it in a drawer.

Whenever a personal tantrum loomed (I do have a quick temper), I would take myself firmly in hand, go off and write up the incident, and slip the folded paper into the box.

A month later, I chose a quiet afternoon to check my Trouble Box.

How time changes one's perspective!

We Walk By Faith

(Concluded from page 163)

begin moving toward the great sea out of which they were taken! That is all there is to death, unless men commit the unpardonable sin, unless they crucify the Savior afresh, by denying the Holy Ghost, that reveals him, by throwing away and trampling upon eternal truth after the heavens have been opened to them and they have tasted of the glories of the world to come. No soul that believes in Jesus Christ and keeps his commandments need fear to die. It is nothing but a return home.



Many of the incidents I laughed about. Over some, I blushed. Had I, a grown woman, been irritated by that?

"How silly can one get?" I muttered.

A few had been grievances and were still grievances! But now I felt capable of handling them more intelligently, discussing them more objectively with the members of the family. Incidents written in black and white and presented without impatience or irritation proved to the family that Mother *did* have cause for her complaint.

Hide your troubles in a Trouble Box, and forget them for a while. "Out of sight, out of mind"—remember?

When you open the box and examine the contents, you will find that many of your troubles—not fed by resentment—have died of malnutrition. The few that survived will have lost their bristling aspect and become amenable with reason.

Fussing—fuming—fretting—

Hide them! Lock them up in the Trouble Box!

We part with parents and children, wives and husbands, brothers and sisters. We leave father and mother—but how long have they been father and mother to us? Perhaps for twenty-five, fifty, or sixty years. That is the full length of their parenthood. But what about the Eternal Father and Mother? Have they no claim upon us? Why should we not return to them, and resume the relations of previous life? This knowledge, that comes from the possession of the Spirit of God, takes from death its sting and robs the grave of its victory.



Clabber Girl's modern version of Quick Easter Buns

Yield: 2 dozen buns

2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	1/2 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 teaspoons Clabber Girl Baking Powder	2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon	1/2 cup shortening
1 teaspoon ground allspice	1/2 cup currants
	1 egg
	1/2 cup milk
	Milk for glaze

Sift together flour, Baking Powder, spices, salt, and sugar into a mixing bowl. Cut in shortening until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Blend in currants. Beat together egg and milk and add all at once to dry ingredients. Stir lightly with a fork, just enough to moisten all the flour.

Knead gently about 1/2 minute on lightly floured board. Break off pieces of dough about 1 1/2 inches in diameter. Form each into a ball. Place on lightly greased baking sheet. Brush with milk. Bake in a 450° F. (very hot) oven 12 to 15 minutes. While warm, with confectioners sugar icing, form a cross on top of each bun.

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To Be A King

(Continued from page 159)

disaster to their plans. David's welcome, therefore, was particularly ostentatious, and he was urged to mingle with friends and acquaintances while his hosts greeted other newly arrived guests.

David was attracted by a magnificent garden made more colorful by the tints of the departing sun and further enlivened by the lights, freshly trimmed, shining through the open windows and doors of the palace.

Stepping out of the house, he stood unexpectedly in the presence of a man and a young woman. The man was Zebulon. The girl was a winsome creature, and the exquisite coloring left by the setting sun on surrounding hills, plains, and flowers could not surpass that of her dainty face. She gave the impression that her days had been spent in loving and being loved. Though scarcely emerged from girlhood, there was about her the look of a woman who could meet life's problems with courage and determination.

David was about to withdraw apologetically, but the girl so clearly expected Zebulon to observe the laws of courtesy and bid the newcomer remain that Zebulon could not do otherwise. David was introduced to the young girl, Ruth, who manifested relief that her interview with Zebulon had been thus opportunely terminated. Her companion, on the other hand, could not conceal his annoyance at the interruption.

Soon these three with the other guests were bidden to the feast, the splendor of which surprised even David, accustomed as he was to the display of wealth and grandeur. Nor was the real purpose of the celebration left long in doubt. Speeches referred to the magnificence of Herod and extolled his fitness to govern, not only in the comparatively narrow sphere which was his by reason of being tetrarch, but also in a higher position and one in which he would find a wider field for his incomparable talents.

Zebulon was directing the affair. David watched him narrowly, for it was apparent that his natural animosity had been augmented by the unintentional interruption in the garden. David knew that if this man, his lifelong enemy, now smarting under the sting of jealousy, could find

in the occasion an opportunity to embarrass him, it would not be overlooked. However, he was not prepared for the sudden and impulsive step which his opponent took. Zebulon announced with ill-concealed triumph that David Hyrcanus would respond to the toast, "Long life and higher position to the matchless Herod."

All eyes were turned instantly upon the young nobleman, for his aspirations were well known, although they were not yet publicly announced.

David had always prided himself on his quick and decisive nature, but in this instance he hesitated for a moment. With a winning smile on her tawdry but still attractive face, Herodias came coquettishly to him and laid her hand appealingly on his shoulder.

"You will respond, will you not? Do, for my sake, if for no other."

Thus importuned he arose to his feet. To those who knew him, the determined look on his face indicated a dangerous purpose. Truly it would be a serious matter to violate the rules of hospitality by stating his honest opinion of their host. But he firmly believed the welfare and indeed the liberties of an entire people were in the balance; and the people involved were his own, the chosen race—God's people. He must rebuke the usurper.

"Honored Herod," he began, then paused a moment seeking suitable words in which to clothe the unpalatable truth. His indignant eyes met those of Zebulon who had arisen to assist Herodias to her seat. Evidently the pair felt they had carried matters too far, for they began a whispered consultation. David, accustomed to having people hang upon his words, was piqued at the lack of courtesy, though pleased to have an additional moment in which to assemble his thoughts.

The excitement caused by the strained situation was eased by the entrance of Salome, Herodias' daughter, who, at a signal from Zebulon, glided into the center of the room and began to dance for the guests. She was a young and captivating creature, with all the beauty of her mother and something more, for she had not entirely lost that which in a young girl surpasses all else, a look of in-

nocence, and which was gone forever from the older woman.

David was still standing, and Herod made a gesture as if to stop the dance until the speech was finished.

"By no means," the young nobleman insisted. "Proceed with your plans; I can speak afterward."

Thus encouraged the damsel began the rhythmical motion. She was graceful, voluptuous, and enticing, and as she passed from table to table, the applause which greeted her was overwhelming. Each time she indicated a desire to retire, there were such vociferous acclamations of delight at her performance that she was forced to continue until, through sheer exhaustion, she withdrew from the room. Himself highly pleased with the dance and inexpressibly gratified by the comments of his guests, Herod bade Salome return and ostentatiously told her to ask whatsoever she would have, even to the half of his kingdom, and he placed much emphasis upon the word kingdom. Flushed with pride at the numerous compliments which were showered upon her, she asked for permission to consider the matter for a few moments before making her choice.

David was prepared to resume his speech but waited for an invitation. The guests arose from the table, and he and some of his followers went into the garden where they discussed the unpleasant position in which they had been placed.

The friends considered the advisability of leaving the palace in a body as a protest against the treatment accorded them; but the majority, including David, felt that such a course would be viewed as a retreat in the face of difficulties and would give encouragement to Herod's supporters.

Gradually they were joined by others of David's sympathizers. One of them asked:

"Did you hear what Salome asked of Herod?"

"No, what was it?"

"The head of that barbarian, John, known as the Baptist."

A few of the group were amused; more were indignant.

"I have heard that Herod has had this man illegally imprisoned in the fortress of Machaerus because John rebuked him for his incestuous rela-

tions with Herodias; but surely Herod would not dare to add murder to his other crimes!" It was David who spoke.

"The tetrarch was aghast," continued the man. "Perhaps his conscience did not play an active part, but his cowardice did, for though many of those present laughed at the unusual request and were anxious to see the promise fulfilled, it was apparent that some were offended by the suggestion."

"Was no protest made?"

"No word was spoken, but Herod was keen enough to sense the opposition. Zebulon felt it necessary to come to his wavering master's assistance, feeling that a failure to keep a pledge so publicly given would be fatal to all their interests. He extolled Herod's tenderheartedness, but said he carried it to extremes. He must adopt some of the sterner qualities of his illustrious father, who did not permit members of his own family to live if he deemed it necessary for the good of the land to slay them. 'This fellow John, so uncouth in dress and manner,' he went on to say, 'is a menace to us all, preaching sedition as he does and attacking the characters of those in high places.' He insisted that all who love their country must approve the girl's request and demand to see it immediately granted. The applause which greeted Zebulon's speech gave Herod the courage to call some of his officers and give them the order for the execution."

"You mean to tell us that this crime has already been ordered?" David asked.

"Ordered and doubtless executed ere this. While I was still in the hall, the officers left to carry out their instructions."

"Did you not protest?"

"What could I do? I am here to help you, not—"

"But something must be done to prevent such a hideous murder!"

They were attracted to the banquet hall by some new excitement, and entered in time to see upon a golden platter the head of the man who had dared call the world, including the proud Herod, to repentance.

Herodias was fiendishly gleeful. "I am avenged," she exclaimed triumphantly. "And thus shall perish all who raise a voice against the mighty Herod."

David strode wrathfully forward. His bearing attracted instant attention.
(Continued on following page)

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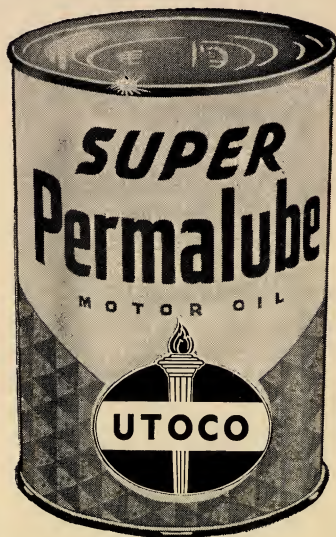
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POSTPAID

To Be A King

(Continued from preceding page)

tion, and there was a deathlike silence in the hall. "I was interrupted in my speech earlier in the evening but shall finish it now."

Like an avenging king he stood

before the tetrarch, whose gaze, defiant at first, fell before the other's stern eyes. The cowering ruler became a hateful sight. Every eye was focused on the commanding figure of the speaker.

"... You May Be Mistaken ..."

Richard L. Evans

WE OFTEN HEAR the trite expression that there are always two sides to a subject. And one thing that makes quarrels and misunderstandings and differences so difficult to settle is that so often there is some right and some wrong on both sides. And a person who is mostly right is so close to himself that he could fail to see that he might also in some degree be wrong. And seldom is a man so wrong that he cannot convince himself that he is at least partly right. The most flagrant offender can always rationalize, and can always go back to some supposed previous provocation and come up with some kind of case that offers some little comfort to his conscience. (It is one of the signs and symptoms of our times—and perhaps of all others also—that men try to absolve themselves from their own sins by blaming others, sometimes going far back to find the supposed cause of their conduct.) Furthermore, even when we are right in our facts, it is possible to be wrong in attitude, wrong in arrogance, wrong in appearance, wrong in making a false impression possible. And with all of our being human, with all of our being fallible, with all of our being subject to making mistakes—parents, teachers, children, the offenders and the offended—with all of our being opinionated, and with all of our seeming to be so sure of our own side of a subject, there comes to mind an appeal that Cromwell sent to his opponents before the battle of Dunbar—an appeal which may well give all of us at least momentary pause: "I beseech you . . . think it possible that you may be mistaken." All men in all misunderstandings, (and in many other matters) should consider seriously, sincerely, whether or not they might be mistaken. There are some eternal truths with which there is no compromise, but there are also shaded areas of opinion and preference in which a man *might* be wrong. And as to both the offenders and the offended: It is to the advantage of each and all of us to do what we can to clear up misunderstandings, to clear up the clouded atmosphere in every heart and home, and in public and private places, and to make all our relationships with other men open and honest, and fair and forthright—even if we have to take the first step—even if we have to go halfway—or maybe a little more. "I beseech you . . . think it possible that you may be mistaken"¹ in judging other men—and in judging many matters.

¹Quoted in *Unpopular Essays*, Bertrand Russell.

"The Spoken Word" FROM TEMPLE SQUARE
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"Herod, there is still one voice which dares raise itself against you and your damnable crimes. Here in your palace and in the presence of your friends who buzz approvingly about you as flies about filth, I denounce you as a cowardly murderer, as your father was before you! Because of your iniquitous acts, you will writhe under tortures a thousandfold more acute than this poor fanatic suffered."

The painful silence continued for a moment. Then the astonished ruler, trembling with anger and fear, sprang to his feet and called for his officers. Before they could reach his side, the overwrought Salome, who was about to present the charger with its hideous burden to her mother, let it fall to the floor with a crash. The head rolled to the very feet of Herodias, and the accusing eyes offered a final rebuke to the terrified woman. She and other women screamed, and Ruth, who was trying to reach the door, was about to faint when David caught her in his arms and, defying all who would hinder him, carried her into the fresh night air.

(To be continued)

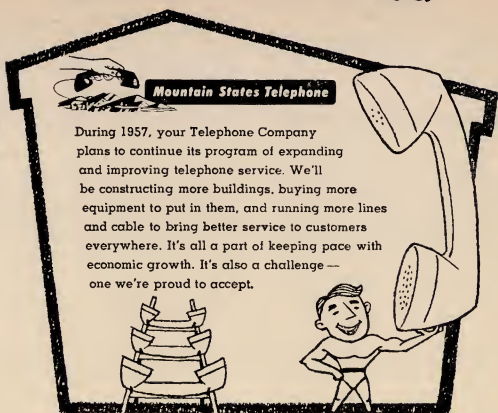
Make Approach to House Friendly!

by Louise Price Bell

NO MATTER how small your home is, it can look friendly to the passer-by. Steppingstones that you and the children may have picked up from the creek bottom may give the above effect if laid in a curved, graceful angle from the street to the front door. A picket fence always looks friendly, and if roses are climbing all over it, the friendly appearance is increased tenfold. A low wall is pretty in front of a house but can look a bit cold, so if you have one, plant some low bush at each side of the opening in the wall to relieve the barren effect. If the man of the house is adept at wiring, small lantern-like lights on each side of the walk or path, atop the wall, will look hospitable and are a fine safety touch, too. Whether your fence is brick, stone, redwood, grape-stakes, or picket, whether the walk is concrete, flagstone, cinder, or stepping-stones, make sure the over-all look is that of friendliness.

MARCH 1957

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GOSPEL IDEALS

By President David O. McKay

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Strengthening The Tie That Binds

(Continued from page 167)

the history of Babylonia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and of the civilizations once to be found in the Western hemisphere.

But the Lord, through his prophets, held out a promise. Through the lips of Malachi, the last prophet in the Old Testament, came the promise of another chance, that before the great and dreadful day of the Lord's judgment he would send us Elijah the prophet, who would turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to the fathers "lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse."

To this day the Jews are still looking for that return visit of Elijah, and at one of their ceremonial feasts they keep a vacant chair for him. But he has not come back to them. He has, however, returned to another branch of the house of Israel.

One evening in the year 1823 a young man named Joseph Smith, not yet eighteen years old, having gone to his room for the night, while praying, was visited by a heavenly being who introduced himself as a messenger sent from God. This messenger told the young man many things and quoted extensively from the Old Testament. Two of the statements he made are important to our immediate purpose. One was that there was a book deposited in a hillside, written on gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this land and also containing the fulness of the everlasting gospel as the same was delivered to those inhabitants by the Savior himself. *This book was itself a message from the past.*

The second was the messenger's quotation from the Prophet Malachi indicating the time was nearing for its fulfillment, the part significant to our purpose, quoted by him with some variation from the words as they appear in Malachi 4:5-6, being as follows:

Behold, I will reveal unto you the Priesthood, by the hand of Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord.

And he shall plant in the hearts of the children the promises made to the fathers, and the hearts of the children shall turn to their fathers.

If it were not so, the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his coming. (Italics added. D & C 2:1-3.)

So important was the message delivered to Joseph Smith that night that the heavenly messenger came to him three separate times before the morning broke, repeating each time what had already been said; then he came once again for the same purpose the following day in broad daylight.

The ancient record thus revealed to Joseph Smith was translated and published to the world before the Church was organized on April 6, 1830. The promised return of Elijah himself took place in 1836 in the Kirtland Temple. At that time Elijah stated to the modern prophet:

Behold, the time has fully come, which was spoken of by the mouth of Malachi—testifying that he [Elijah] should be sent, before the great and dreadful day of the Lord come—

To turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, lest the whole earth be smitten with a curse—

Therefore, the keys to this dispensation are committed unto your hands; and by this ye may know that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is near, even at the door. (Italics added. *Ibid.*, 110:14-16.)

It cannot be denied that Malachi made a definite promise: Before the day of judgment the prophet Elijah would come back—and for a purpose—in the words of the heavenly messenger, to "plant in the heart of the children the promises made to the fathers," as a result of which "the heart of the children shall turn to their fathers." Isn't that exactly what Mr. Brier sees is happening in the Western civilization?

One cannot dismiss Malachi's words as meaningless. They not only have the authority of the Bible back of them, but they also go to the very root of the present world's sickness: If the hearts of the children were not turned to the fathers "the whole earth would be utterly wasted at his [the Lord's] coming." As Mr. Brier puts it, "If our civilization is to live . . . it must know about itself."

It should be clear to all who really seek to understand, that Malachi foresaw our present dilemma some 2,300 years ago.

Now, if the substance of Malachi's message is thus verified through being fulfilled, is there any reason to doubt the other part of it, as to how it should be accomplished? He said that before these things should happen and

"before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord" Elijah would be sent to "do the turning," or as Elijah himself put it to Joseph Smith, "to restore the keys." But for Elijah thus to return as promised would of necessity require a heavenly manifestation, something transcending ordinary mortal experience, for Elijah, having departed this life even before Malachi spoke, could not return save in some such miraculous manner.

Can it be possible that it is time for the world to re-evaluate its prejudices against the possibility of heavenly visitations? Should the statement of Joseph Smith, that Elijah *did* return and gave to him the keys to these important happenings, be re-examined? No other claim of such a visitation has ever been made; yet the ancient prophecy of Malachi makes it an important prelude to the fulfillment of his prediction which is now being fulfilled before our eyes. And significantly, concurrent with and subsequent to the heavenly manifestations to Joseph Smith, more progress has taken place in delving into the past than in all recorded history before that time. And the progress is being made by the peoples among whom the "keys" were restored, the peoples of the Western civilization.

Is all this without significance?

The Rosetta Stone, the key to ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, was discovered in 1799 by Napoleon's soldiers, but it was not until 1822 that the French scholar, Champollion, succeeded in deciphering from it the first eleven letters of the Egyptian alphabet—the first proof that Egypt had an alphabet. From this, after more time and labor, he was able to decipher the entire Egyptian alphabet, and thus he "opened the way to the recovery of a lost world."¹

Of the work of this great scholar, who accompanied Napoleon on his campaign to conquer Egypt, Mr. Durant says:

Napoleon returned empty-handed, but Champollion came back with all Egypt, past and current, in his grasp. Every generation since has discovered new civilizations or cultures, and has pushed farther and farther back the frontier of man's knowledge of his development. There are not many things finer in our murderous species than

¹Will Durant, *Our Oriental Heritage*, 145.

this noble curiosity, this restless and reckless passion to understand.²

Was it mere coincidence that Champollion's achievement was contemporaneous with the heavenly visitations to Joseph Smith wherein he was told Elijah was about to bring him the "keys" to the past? The great archeological work of digging into the past and the great finds in Egypt, Palestine, Assyria, Babylonia, and in the Western world have all been after those keys were restored.

Mr. Durant sees a great purpose in "this noble curiosity, this restless and reckless passion to understand," and with conscious irony he contrasts the fruits thereof with the fruits of the murderous rapine of a Napoleon, the continuation of which would utterly waste the world—as predicted by Malachi.

And Mr. Brier has sensed this also. Without professing to understand the why, he sees the great value of knitting together the past and the present; he sees an impelling force is bringing this about, a force strong enough to transcend the differences of political parties and bring together such men as a Truman and a Hoover, a force strong enough to impel the spending of millions of dollars in digging in faraway places for treasures more substantial than mere gold.

Latter-day Saints know why. They see all humanity as one big family—all the children of God. They see war and hate and greed and lust as the evils that have divided that family. They see a divine plan for the salvation of that family through eradication of these evils. They see that this may be done only through the strengthening of the tie that binds the human family, past, present, and future, into one united whole.

²Ibid., p. 91. Italics supplied.

ILL WIND

By Marian Schroder Crothers

SINCE DAWN, the wind, with prying fingers,
Had snatched at thickets;
Tumbled weeds along the fence rows.
The long, flat wastelands felt its tearing
malice
As it flung dust clouds wide across the sky
With weird, triumphant screaming.
Its strength it measured
With the massive mountain peaks,
To turn, defeated, back to frailer things it
knew.
At dusk, sated with destruction,
It fled to sanctuary among the trees along
the river,
Murmuring softly in gloating reminiscence.

MARCH 1957



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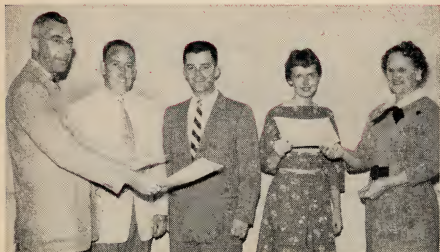
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FAMILY MEMBERS RECEIVE HIGH AWARDS



DURING THE RECENT MIA conference held in connection with the quarterly conference of the Bountiful (Utah) Stake, three members of a family received high MIA awards. Joyce Parker received her Golden Gleaner award, while her husband Roy and her brother Jack received Master M Man awards. All three have fulfilled missions. All three have served in the armed forces. Seen in the photograph are left to right: YMMIA Stake Superintendent Ira Newsome, Jack Trump, Roy Parker, Joyce Parker, and YWMA Stake President Leone Newton.

Dear Editors:

PERMIT ME to thank you for writing the generous and kindly article about the fortieth anniversary of my coming into the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles.

I deeply appreciate the sentiments expressed, and the association with all my brethren and sisters who publish the great magazine which has so much influence for good throughout the Church and elsewhere.

Sincerely your brother,
Stephen L. Richards

Fr. Sam Houston, Texas

Dear Editors:

I WAS VERY pleased to receive your card informing me that I am to receive the ERA once again.

While in the mission field in New Zealand the ERA was always a good companion, and a very good way to help our investigators get a wider scope of the work done by the Church. It was always a source of knowledge and inspiration. And it was something I was always anxious to receive each month.

Since being released last July, I haven't enjoyed the ERA as I would have liked because most of that time I have been in the armed forces.

Pvt. H. J. Scott

Escondido, Calif.

PLEASE RENEW OUR subscription to THE IMPROVEMENT ERA. It has been a source of good news and wonderful uplifting reading. From the habits of reading the Church publications we are lifting our standards at home so much the higher.

It would be very hard to thank you all for the efforts you have put forth to bring joy into many lives through this magazine.

Thank you sincerely,
The Mullett Family

YOU ARE DOING fine work with your magazine. We all enjoy the timeless sayings of the Lord's servants. God bless them and yours, always, when you do the right things in the sight of our Heavenly Father, and his Beloved Son, Jesus Christ.

Sincerely,
William H. Parkin
Paso Robles Ward, California

Dear Editors,

JUST A SHORT note to tell you how very much I enjoy receiving THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

I am only eighteen years old and have been in the Waves since June of 1956. While in Boot Camp, I did not receive the ERA because I was only going to be there for a short time, but since then I've looked forward to having it sent to me. So far, I've received the November and December issues and haven't yet been able to read everything in them.

I've always been active in the Church and am an Honor Bee, Mia Joy, and Silver Gleaner. Also, I received an Individual Award for six years. So, naturally after arriving at Bainbridge, I looked the branch up.

I'm very proud of my membership in this Church. It has meant more to me in the last seven months than it ever did before when I was at home. I feel and know that this is the true gospel. This is my testimony, and I bear it humbly. It has been growing and developing day by day.

The true meaning of this gospel started coming to me the day I received my patriarchal blessing. I guess I've always known that this is the true Church but have never really admitted it. I've seen it work its wonders through the priesthood in my family many, many times. I have had my prayers answered many more times. Neither did I ever realize the true meaning of prayer until just lately.

Sister Leone F. Watts

MOSCOW, IDAHO, YOUTH ARE ACTIVE

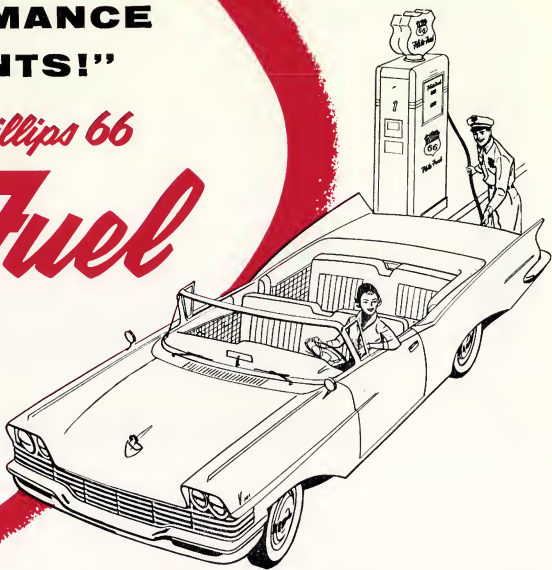
THE LDS INSTITUTE OF RELIGION, at Moscow, Idaho, was established in 1928 by the Church to provide a center of activity for our students attending the University of Idaho. The Student Branch, which is organized similarly to a ward, has a membership of approximately 375 and is one of the four largest religious groups now at the U. of I. The branch has an active MIA, Sunday School, priesthood group, missionary organization, and a women's organization, formed by women institute members and wives of students. This latter organization meets Sundays during priesthood meeting. In the picture, from left to right are: Larry Moore, clerk of the branch; President Lon F. Davis, Institute Director; George S. Tanner, Keith Hinkley, and Earl Banner, counselors in the branch presidency.



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HAPPY FAMILIES



DO-IT-TOGETHER . . .

This month we thought you might like to meet our Beneficial "do-it-together" family. That's Steve (age 7) in the center (the boy the new pup has chosen as his very own). Mom is holding little Susan. Jimmy (age 12) is just kibitzing. And Dad, as usual, is paying the bill.

This is a typical Beneficial family . . . with many of the same interests and problems as you who read this series. Individual interests vary widely, but the whole family usually finds an afternoon or evening each week to do something together — like today's dog-hunting expedition.

It will be a family decision when they buy that dog. And it was also a family decision when they went over their insurance program with Roy Johnson, their local Beneficial agent, and decided on that new Family Income Plan . . . the one that gives so much protection at such low cost.

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